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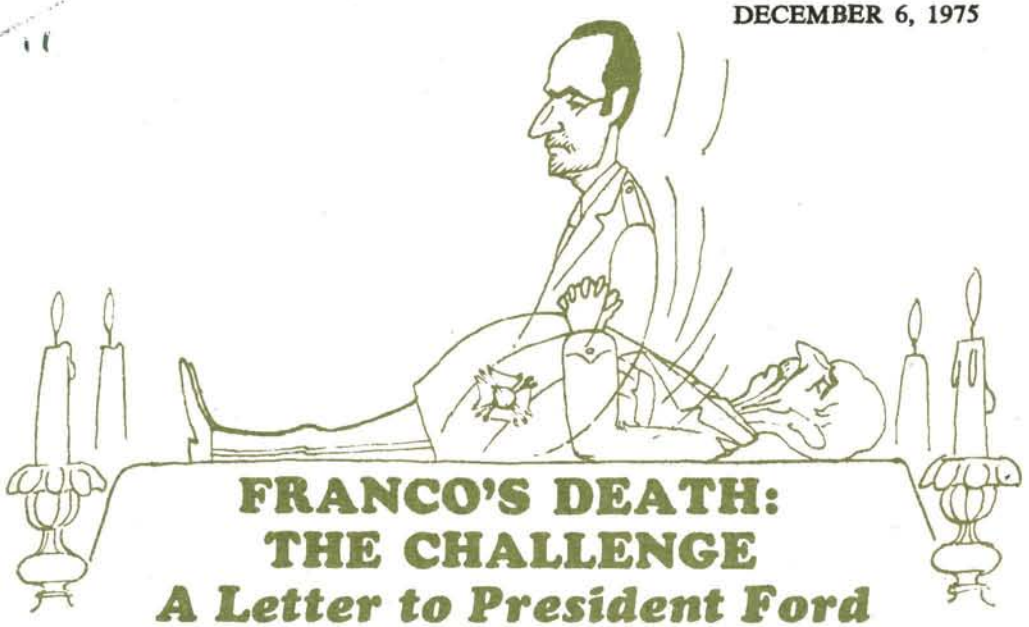

FRANCO'S DEATH: THE CHALLENGE

A Letter to President Ford

William L. Shirer Barbara W. Tuchman

THE BIG SUBPOENA BROOM

Cleaning Maryland's Stable

William F. Schmick III

NAVAJO JEWELRY

High Fashion & the Pawn System

Sherry Zimmer Robinson

Pier Paolo Pasolini

WHO KILLED THE POET?

Edith Schloss

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LETTERS

Israel and the special agencies

New York City

In discussing the vote on Zionism by the U.N. General Assembly [editorial, *The Nation*, Nov. 22], you refer to the very real distinctions between the politics of the Assembly and the solid, impartial and worldwide achievements of the specialized agencies. Anti-Israel politics, however, have as much affected specialized agencies, such as UNESCO, ILO and WHO, as the General Assembly itself. Your readers may find a detailed, well-researched account of Israel's "second-class membership" in the U.N. organizations in an article by William Korey in the October issue of *Midstream*.

Otto Nathan

deadly remedy

Holicong, Pa.

Academic economists. . .keep producing analyses of American economic experience over the past twenty-five years which blithely ignore the fact that the nation was at war for almost half of those years.

Case in point: "Depression and Welfare State: Dead End of an Ideology," by David Bensman and Luther Carpenter, *The Nation*, Nov. 8. Their eyes blinded by overexposure to cold statistical series, they inform us that "Keynesian economics. . . kept us out of depression between 1945 and 1974. . . ."

What kept us out was not Keynesian economics but good old reliable war spending, the absence of which is the major cause of our now falling back in. Our choice is between the old deadly remedy. . . and a complete replacement of the system, which is now, despite the authors' protestations, beyond repair.

James J. Treires

tongue in cheek

New York City

Yes sir. Howard B. Dratch ["High Stakes in the Azores," *The Nation*, Nov. 8], has sold me. Clearly the U.S. bases on the Azores are absolutely essential to our security, and if the CIA is not stirring up a movement for revolution against Lisbon and for alliance with the United States (or statehood) it is derelict in its duty. As our military and civilian leaders have repeatedly told us, the Atlantic is our "pond" as the Pacific is our "lake," and if the Russians are challenging our absolute control by building nuclear submarines and other offensive weapons, the United States must—and surely will—acquire every possible facility to overkill them.

Helen Mears

shop talk

North Hollywood, Calif.

I read Tom Nugent's "Car Exhausts: The Pollution of Bureaucracy" [*The Nation*, Nov. 1], with a great deal of interest both because I am a tune-up mechanic and because I suffer from severe respiratory allergies and need, not just like, clean air. I do disagree with one point Nugent makes: I do not believe, after talking to many people whose cars I work on, that *most* people have "always been in love with big, fast cars. . . ."

There are a number of very politically logical reasons why so many people have such grotesqueries to drive. One is that, until the last decade, there were few choices. Once smaller, cheaper foreign imports became available, millions of people bought them. Even the high-status, expensive market turned to Volvos, Mercedes and "exotics" once these became readily available. Also, many people have genuine fears about the safety of small, light cars. Detroit has offered very little safety designing or engineering. As a result, people who care about safety choose the only factor open to them—car weight.

Lastly, the economic oppression of women has meant fewer are able to buy cars than would otherwise be the case. This has cut out millions of potential customers who choose cars for efficiency and dependability rather than as a means of fulfilling power fantasies.

Hilma Cohn

Cover drawing: Joke, De Nieuwe Gazet (Antwerp)

EDITORIALS

The Low Points

The latest disclosures of bungled attempts at political killings by the CIA and FBI—for the latter's effort to drive Martin Luther King to suicide had clearly murderous intent—probably represent low points in the history of both agencies. It is to the credit of the Congressional investigating committees that, although it took more than two decades for it to be done, they chose to alert the American people—and the world—about what has been found.

So now we know just what J. Edgar Hoover and Allen Dulles and their successors have been capable of, now we know that a succession of Presidents from Eisenhower to Nixon did not prevent such crimes and, in all probability, condoned them.

Personal attacks upon the immorality of these assassination conspirators are as easy as they are deserved. But the plotted assassinations of foreign leaders—and the unscrupulous attempt to discredit and destroy King—were not just aberrational excesses on the part of individuals. They occurred within an institutional climate dominated by an elite-initiated Manichean conception of the world—in which those who seemed to threaten the profitable *status quo*, domestically and worldwide, warranted liquidation simply by virtue of their opposition.

By any rational standard, these "low points" were as stupid as they were abominable. Martin Luther King was an enormously valuable asset, both for those who

Nation-Progressive Dinner Party

We hope that all our readers who possibly can will attend this outstanding event. *Date*—Tuesday, December 16th; *place*—the Waldorf Astoria, Park Avenue and 50th Street, New York City; *time*—5:45 for the reception, 6:45 for the dinner.

Sponsored by Ralph Nader, who will pay tribute to the two congenial magazines and their editors, the program will also include John Kenneth Galbraith presiding, and talks by Senator Frank Church, journalist Nicholas von Hoffman, cartoonist Herblock and Eleanor Holmes Norton, who heads the New York City Commission on Human Rights. Murray H. Finley, President of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, is the dinner chairman.

Funds raised from this dinner will be used to enlarge the circulation and increase the readership of our two publications.

Reservations are $100 per person. Checks should be made payable to Nation-Progressive Fund, care of *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. (If you cannot attend the dinner, a contribution to the Fund will be more than welcome.)

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supported him and stood to gain by his acts and for those who feared the changes he proposed. For, as a Nobel Prize winner, King was living propaganda for democratic establishment elements in the American system, and his work constituted a nonviolent escape valve for those whose sense of oppression by that system might otherwise have driven them to join the ranks of the physically destructive.

Despite complex cover-up mechanisms, the assassination attempts would eventually have been discovered; if they had succeeded, a suspicious world would naturally have looked to the CIA. As it is, rumors, some of them now confirmed, of CIA worldwide intervention have created an anti-American climate in the Third World that makes suspect any American initiative. The change has been rapid: Ho Chi Minh thirty years ago modeled Vietnamese anti-colonial rhetoric on the American example, but today support for a proposal by the United States in the United Nations often engenders hostile majority response.

The buffoonery of several of the disclosed plots is striking—an attempt to make Castro's beard fall out by sprinkling his shoes with a depilatory powder, for example—and combined with their almost complete failure rate (Chilean Gen. René Schneider may well have died as a result of American plotting), justifies Senator Mondale's analysis that "Americans are no good at killing and lying and covering up." He's right—assuming that all that was covered up has now been unearthed.

Perhaps the failure and exposure rate is so high because the assassination policy is so totally at odds with the professed American ethic of fair play. Someone along the line is bound to take it seriously, even if the conspirators do not.

Until now, both the FBI and CIA have been structured and staffed in such a way that governmental criminality has been nurtured and protected. Both agencies are rigidly hierarchical, more military than bureaucratic in their emphasis on accepting assignments without question. Hoover traditionally sought out small-town, authoritarian-minded recruits as agents. Radicals, even liberals, were excluded. The CIA's antecedent, the Office of Strategic Services under Gen. William Donovan, was reasonably open in its staffing policies; Donovan didn't care about his employees' political backgrounds as long as those who worked for him were competent, intelligent and had something to contribute. The CIA screened out those with anything like an independent view in the cold-war years, though of late it apparently has become more sophisticated in its recruiting policies. Ronald Radosh has reported (*The Nation*, February 8) that one CIA recruiter last December told an academic audience that a Marxist could find a place, at least in the intelligence gathering and analyzing operations of the CIA—as long, we suppose, as he asked no questions about either the use of research or the nature of the plans being hatched in the office next door.

If the revelations are approached with some optimism, they may seem to indicate that disclosure has put an end to at least the worst CIA and FBI activities. Yet the nagging suspicion remains that, rather than signaling a new era of Congressional and media oversight—and of agency self-restraint—our knowledge of these low points is the fortuitous result of a collection of circumstances that may not soon be repeated.

The history is clear—indications and in some case

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knowledge of CIA and FBI horror stories were available for thorough investigation for more than twenty years before the public at large was clued in to their nature. Max Lowenthal's *The Federal Bureau of Investigation* (1950) sounded a warning of abuses that was for the most part unheeded, perhaps because Hoover was able to have the book suppressed soon after publication. On October 18, 1958, *The Nation* published Fred Cook's sharply critical special issue on the FBI (later available in book form). Recent exposés have added a wealth of detail to Cook's work but the basic story of Hoover's secret fiefdom had, with that special issue, been told. Remarkably, Cook's work was based largely on materials gathered from government documents, hearing transcripts and print media clippings. Except for Lowenthal, nobody before Cook had bothered to tie it all together into one comprehensive indictment.

He did the same with the CIA in our July 21, 1961 issue. Again, subsequent disclosures added more depth and substance to the case against the CIA, but the basic problem had been reported long before the media, en masse, following Seymour Hersh's lead in *The New York Times*, took up the cause.

The harassment of King was well known to members of Congress in the 1960s. And they all had access—and many of them had been alerted to—Cook's work. But, like those who control the national media, members of Congress kept their knowledge quiet, perhaps out of a misguided sense of patriotism, perhaps in some cases out of fear of the secrets about them locked in J. Edgar's files.

What changed all this was Hoover's death, the Watergate disclosures and the ouster of Richard Nixon for his blatant criminality. Suddenly it became safe—and meritorious—to look at and expose the government's darker side. But what if Hoover had not died, if the Watergate buggers had not been caught, if Nixon had been smart enough to erase all the tapes? Would we have been told the government's notorious secrets? Would they have been so actively and so massively sought?

Lebanon

At this writing, the latest truce in Lebanon is rapidly unraveling. After a three-week period of much reduced fighting, sniper fire and the sound of rockets and mortars once again are assuming command of Beirut's streets. The resumption of killing indicates once again that no cease-fire will last unless some basis for accommodation is found between the rival Christian and Muslim forces. And with both sides apparently dividing into factions at an amoebic rate, reconciliation seems as distant as the need for it is pressing.

The conflict is at least as much political as it is religious. As a result of French colonial rule, the predominately right-wing Christians have disproportionate control over Lebanon's government. The Muslim majority, much of it left wing, is underrepresented. Though by custom Lebanon's Premier has been Muslim, its more powerful President has been Christian. Neither the army, most of whose officers are Christian, nor the Palestine Liberation Organization—which has a substantial presence in Lebanon, especially in the south—seems to have played a direct part in the fighting, although there are reports of arms and advice being given. And the PLO does not control all Palestinian guerrillas, some of whom have been fighting alongside the Muslim Lebanese. The specter of direct foreign involvement hovers over the fighting; fears are reported that Syria might enter from the north and Israel from the south to protect what they perceive as their interests.

Since its emancipation from the French in 1943, when a National Pact was drawn which structured the relative Muslim and Christian control, Lebanon has increasingly become the outpost of Western capitalism in the Middle East. Television news clips of the fighting in Beirut have included shots of an embattled Holiday Inn and other Western-style hotels and apartments. Though the lines are by no means rigid, the Christian faction has thrived during the period of Western penetration, while the Muslims have received relatively little of the country's wealth. Class conflict figures significantly in the current fighting.

First-hand reports suggest that the Muslims hope to strengthen Lebanon's connections with the Arab world, while the Christians intend to preserve the country's Western links. Estimates of those killed by the shooting that resumed in April range from 1,800 to 8,000, civil services in Beirut have virtually collapsed and the Western business and banking interests have for the most part fled to safe territory in Athens, Cairo and Rome. The Muslim percentage of the population has grown considerably since the 1943 pact, and Premier Rashid Karameh has proposed modifying its terms accordingly. But hard-line Christians will cede no control and some Muslims believe Karameh's proposed reforms too limited. Christian compromise in favor of more democratic apportionment seems essential to even a preliminary settlement. Some Christian leaders have suggested what would amount to a partition of Lebanon, but Muslims evidently reject that extreme solution—Syria's Foreign Minister, Abdul Halim Khaddam, has hinted that his country might intervene to prevent any such division.

A much smaller civil war ended in 1958 with the formula "no victor—no vanquished," but events seem to have gone too far for a repetition of that tactful conclusion. As one university student told James M. Markham of *The New York Times*, "I'm afraid that this time someone is going to win and someone is going to lose."

Rootin' Tootin' Moynihan

Among the most miserable of Gerald Ford's many unfortunate Presidential nominations was his choice of Daniel P. Moynihan as American Ambassador to the United Nations. Moynihan has his attractive elements: he's bright, articulate and, at times, entertainingly glib. Yet his political convictions, if that is what they are, contain a strain of arrogant indifference to the misery of others, and his brazen personal style is often found obnoxious by his opponents—just what this country does not need at the U.N.

The problems Moynihan's ambassadorship would create were anticipated by St. Clair Drake in *The Nation* (July 5) and those who read Drake's article might have expected the ambassador's recent activities. Ivor Richard, the chief British delegate, directly but without naming him, attacked Moynihan on November 17 for his "confronta-

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tional" tactics which, Richard pointed out, don't belong at the U.N.

Those tactics were mimicked by Arab-led forces last month who insisted upon bringing the unfortunate—and largely symbolic—anti-Zionism resolution to a General Assembly vote, heightening passions and tension concerning an area of the world that, more than anything, requires rational, equitable analysis for solution. But confrontation is the strategy Moynihan promised before assuming his current post. That it was used by others against the position he tried to advance indicates its hazards in the world forum. Again referring to Moynihan, Richard said that models to avoid at the U.N. include Wyatt Earp, Savonarola and King Lear. At least the first seems inapplicable. For Earp, according to the legend, was a man who spoke sparsely and fired only when necessary—quite the opposite of Moynihan. But there may be an element in Moynihan's posturings and rhetorical stance that links him to Savonarola. And there was something of Lear in Moynihan's wounded response to Richard's criticism—which the State Department, according to some reports, tacitly endorsed.

It's the country's loss that Moynihan was not allowed to resign. He is, as he promised he would be, a forceful advocate for the positions he has espoused at the U.N. but, considering the prevailing anti-American climate there—and the restrained tone necessary if American prestige in the world is to improve—Moynihan's histrionics are out of place. He has hinted he will leave when the current session ends later this month. We expect he will.

Exile's Return

Eldridge Cleaver's decision to return to the United States and face charges filed in connection with an Oakland shoot-out that occurred two days after Martin Luther King was killed in April 1968 may mark the end of an historical period that began with King's assassination. Both as information minister of the Black Panthers and as a bright and provocative writer and theorist in his own right, Cleaver was one of the leading figures in the Black Power movement of the late 1960s. He fled because he thought he could not receive a fair trial, and he feared being "neutralized" in prison. But he says he now believes America has changed, and he has "confidence in the American system of justice," which he expects will give him "a fair and objective trial."

The ouster of Richard Nixon, Cleaver wrote in a column on *The New York Times* Op-Ed page, showed that the system had "reaffirmed its own basic principles." Because of what has happened in the last few years, he wrote, "every American, regardless of his politics, has a duty to re-examine some of his beliefs. . . . Those of us who developed a psychology of opposition must take a pause and sum up our experiences. We must recognize that in a sense we are playing a brand new ball game. The slogans of yesterday will not get us through the tasks at hand."

How new this ball game really is remains to be seen, and it should also be noted that in the years after Cleaver jumped bail to fly to Montreal such incendiary figures as Angela Davis and Bobby Seale fared well at the hands of American juries. The underlying reason for anxiety, nonetheless, is that no set of positive values and policies has emerged to take the place of the overt racism, anti-communism and jingoism that marked the society Cleaver once felt called upon to revolutionize.

In any case, Cleaver's return and the change in his attitude toward this country's political ways has symbolic value. He denies he made a deal with anyone regarding his return but, whatever his motives, as an apostate revolutionary he will be a valuable property for the Establishment. Mobil's PR people, among the best in the business, already have brandished one of Cleaver's recent anti-Communist remarks as a "quote we like" in the November 23rd *New York Times*. Senator Eastland has subpoenaed him to testify January 10 about "terrorist acts against the United States." Cleaver has made no complaint. "I'll tell the truth," he says, and in the shadows one sees other ex-radicals who decided they liked the American system and its "basic principles" and cooperated with the Eastlands of the 1950s.

Just what Cleaver means to do is not clear. His perception of a changed America has persuasive elements. What he'll think of this country after testing it first-hand remains unknown, as do his political intentions. As he did in 1968, Cleaver deserves a fair trial and a fair hearing.

FRANCO'S DEATH: THE CHALLENGE

The following letter has been sent to Gerald Ford by members of the Ad Hoc Committee for a Democratic Spain.

Dear Mr. President: The passing of Generalisimo Franco urgently calls for a fundamental review of United States policy looking to a restoration of democracy in Spain, with political and personal freedoms for its people. Such a review is made imperative by the potential and even imminent jeopardy to vital American interests in Spain and in Europe, including the Atlantic Alliance—should the Spanish people be pushed to violence rather than longer endure life under a totalitarian regime.

In the event of such an eruption there can be little doubt that other outside nations, the USSR included, will not maintain the stance of neutral observers. A free and democratic Spain, on the other hand, in a free alliance with the democratic world, would be a stable ally in Europe and an effective one in helping bring about a stronger democratic alliance in Latin America as well. . . .

Since 1939, after Franco's defeat of the legal Republican government of Spain with the arms and armies of Hitler and Mussolini, an unremitting reign of terror has enslaved

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the Spanish people, denied them elementary human rights and Spain as a whole the validity and benefits of a free society. The practices of terror were legalized by virtue of laws promulgated by the totalitarian state established by Franco when he assumed power on April 1, 1939. This totalitarian state, its laws and its practices still exist, *unrepudiated*, in Spain today. . . .

The new ruler of Spain does not come to his post as a free agent. He wears the mantle placed on his shoulders by Franco. His guardians and advisers are Franco's men chosen by him, loyal to Franco's precepts, skilled in the execution of Franco's policies. Twenty years of training in statecraft in Franco Spain, under Franco's tutelage, provide no assurance that Spain's new King has the desire or will, or capacity, the courage or fortitude to abolish the totalitarian regime which is his inheritance.

In a world torn by so much strife, everyone would wish for a peaceful transition in Spain. The question is: a transition to what, and by whom? A continued totalitarian state, with some mitigation of terror and strictures under a Franco hand-picked successor? A monarchy? What kind: constitutional or absolute? A republic, with republican forms of government, following a free election?

It bears recalling that: Monarchy became obsolete for Spain forty-four years ago when, in 1931, after a "bloodless" revolution, King Alfonso, grandfather of Juan Carlos, exiled himself. . . . The Spanish Republic, which succeeded the monarchy . . . was committed to democracy at home, collaboration with the democracies of the West and adherence to international agreements.

For Franco's successor to count on continued quiescence of the Spanish people—forged by the horror of a million war dead, 200,000 executed by Franco at the end of the Civil War, the unrelenting terror of the totalitarian state—would be a dangerous miscalculation. Fissures already evident in fortress Spain, among the people at large, the workers, the press, the Church and even the army, may be expected to broaden. New generations inside Spain and among the Spanish exiles, it may be anticipated, will give battle to the continued enslavement of the Spanish people. When they do it may also be assumed they will find allies abroad among non-Spaniards.

What cannot be defined are the limits of such a revolt when it comes, or who else may be embroiled if Spain, once again, should become the cockpit of an internal explosion and big-power competition to determine its outcome.

As the leader of the free world, the United States has a significant obligation to discharge: to help assure freedom in Spain without threat of the kind of violence which could lead to a new civil war. . . . The Spanish people seek no arms or armies from the United States. They seek instead a tangible expression of our country's own faith in democracy as the instrument of progress, to be demonstrated by United States support of freedom for the Spanish people to build their own institutions of democracy, to achieve their own progress.

Based on this concept, it is in order, in our belief, for the United States, as a first step, promptly to make known that . . . it looks forward to the time when this country may extend its cooperation to a free democratic Spain and assist in the acceleration of its efforts to meet the needs of Spain's growing population. For the inhabitants of Spanish Sahara, the Franco government offered a referendum to determine a successor to Franco Spain. Why is this fundamental right of choice still denied 35 million Spaniards in Spain proper?. . .

American concern with our bases in Spain and our security purposes should give added impetus to the undertaking proposed. Two years ago the strictures imposed by Franco made the value of the treaty on bases moot. Without stability in Spain, the new treaty is in even greater jeopardy.

There is no inherent self-generating strength in the Fascist regime in Spain. Before and during World War II, Franco's power derived from the arms, armies, funds and protection of the Axis. After the war, his survival for thirty years was made possible by the tolerance of the Western allies, principally the United States. . . . In 1953, the United States Treaty with Spain on bases gave Franco his most invigorating shot in the arm, bolstered the economy then at the point of collapse and Franco's continued hold on the country.

The outcome of the Spanish Civil War 1936-39 would have been different but for the policy of the United States, Britain, France and their allies denying the Spanish Republic the arms (sought by purchase) desperately needed for defense and survival. After first adhering to the same policy, in the end the Soviet Union became the only major country to come to the aid of the Spanish Republic. That tragic lesson should not be forgotten three and one-half decades later when the United States debates whether it should repeat its stand-by role.

Now a new opportunity has opened up which should be seized. The economy of Spain is faltering once again. There are not enough jobs for workers. One out of every ten members of the Spanish work force has been seeking his livelihood abroad, sending his earnings back home. Tourism and these earnings have been the life blood of the country's economy. The European recession has now cut back the number of Spanish workers, who are returning home jobless. The American and European recessions are expected to cut tourism, while inflation is rising at the rate of 25 per cent per year. The knowledge that there will be no bail-out for the totalitarians could be the catalyst for the restoration of freedom in Spain.

The views expressed above are shared by the persons whose names are attached, who have authorized us to append their signatures to ours.

William L. Shirer and *Barbara W. Tuchman*

Edward F. Albee
Kay Boyle
James McGregor Burns
Henry Steele Commager
Elinor S. Gimbel
Arthur J. Goldberg
Eric F. Goldman
Archibald MacLeish
Arthur Miller
Gerard Piel
George Wald
and others

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NAVAJO JEWELRY

High Fashion and the Pawn System

SHERRY ZIMMER ROBINSON

Tuba City, Ariz.

Now that Indian jewelry is displayed in better stores everywhere, it would seem that high fashion has achieved ethnic awareness, of sorts. The current popularity of Navajo silver and turquoise jewelry offers a foothold in the American economy for the impoverished Navajo Indians; as such, it is certainly less destructive and disruptive than strip mining for coal or building power plants.

Unfortunately, few Navajo silversmiths receive more than a small fraction of the worth of their products, while as many as five middlemen reap the profits between the artist and the consumer. In the worst of these instances jewelry and rugs have been wrested from people who live on the moonscape of the Navajo Reservation and whose desperate poverty has forced them to pawn their only accumulated wealth to trading posts at arbitrary prices set by the trader. Even a silversmith who does find a fair market for his or her work, faces growing competition from imported imitation and domestic machine-made jewelry.

Visitors to the reservation are often surprised to learn that trading posts still exist. They not only exist; they thrive, company-store fashion, on virtually captive customers. Since the late 1800s trading posts have offered foodstuffs and manufactured articles to Navajos in return for sheep, wool, silver jewelry, rugs and cash. The trader has been store, post office, interpreter, scribe, banker, creditor, newscaster, employment agent, railroad claims agent, ambulance driver and community social center. While some traders have provided necessary services and many benefits to their Navajo customers, others have taken wicked advantage of their pivotal role in the community.

Two years ago investigations of 95 per cent of on-reservation trading posts conducted by the Federal Trade Commission (FTC) found epidemic abuses related to the trading post policy of "credit saturation," whereby Navajo families are allowed to purchase goods on open account up to the amount of their welfare or Social Security checks, which the trader handles as postmaster. Checks have been withheld until the credit is exhausted and on occasion Navajos have been compelled to endorse their checks to the trader, receiving credit or script usable only in the post. Trading post prices were found to be the nation's highest.

In such transactions, there is almost never any money left over, and as the credit bill becomes higher and higher, Navajos pawn their jewelry and rugs for whatever the trader will offer, usually a fraction of the market value. As one silversmith put it, "Some money is better than no money if you're poor."

The pawn system opens up a new area of abuses. According to the FTC report, some traders have become known for "losing" items or selling before the due date of the loan. Almost without exception, they have been negligent in notifying owners of the time limit, and even when the owner appears before the deadline to redeem the pawn, the trader often refuses to return the item until the merchandise bill is also paid. Navajos who manage to redeem their pawns pay interest rates ranging from 24 per cent to 120 per cent and occasionally as high as 360 per cent. Pawn tickets have been in flagrant violation of the federal Truth in Lending Act, and accounts have been falsified. Even car dealers and motel clerks have taken jewelry as collateral.

By law, traders must hold pawn for six months and add an additional two months for each fourth of the pawn price repaid. Pawn tickets must state the borrower's name, address, the date of transaction, a description of the property, the agreed market value of the item and the interest rate. Off-reservation traders are limited in the amount of interest they can charge; on the reservation there are no such restrictions. There are likewise no restrictions covering the markup on dead (forfeited) pawn. Consequently, traders have been able to sell pawn at tremendous profits.

One reservation lawyer says, "It's hard to know how much pawn is sold by traders; it's a very closely guarded secret. Given the volume of pawn, most traders run from 5,000 to 6,000 to 8,000 transactions a year. The little capital the Navajos are able to accumulate is dissipated in this way."

A second lawyer comments: "How much of their income is based on arts and crafts and how much is based on straight mercantile, I'm really not in a position to say, but I get the impression that most of them are making their money as the middlemen in arts and crafts."

Both these lawyers are associated with DNA, People's Legal Services, Inc. (formerly Dinebeiina Nahiilna Be Agaditahe), a branch of the national legal services corporation which began in 1966 under the Office of Economic Opportunity. DNA offers free legal aid to economically deprived people within or near the boundaries of the Navajo Reservation. The twenty attorneys and thirty-five lay tribal advocates in six offices have, until recently, been the only legal recourse Navajos have had and in this capacity have handled hundreds of cases involving trading post abuses. It was after a meeting of FTC and DNA attorneys that the FTC investigation was launched.

Typically, a person pawns a concho belt or squash blossom necklace, which in the jewelry market starts at $800, for $100. After a recent armed robbery at Cameron Trading Post in Cameron, Ariz., hundreds of Navajos were left holding such pawn tickets, or worse, pawn tickets that listed no value at all. The resulting headache is shared by DNA offices and insurance adjusters attempting to settle equitably.

Where trader abuses have been widespread, class action suits have been filed for the entire community. At least two such suits have been settled for damages up to $55,000,

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according to the senior attorney in the Chinle, Ariz. office.

In an independent attempt to expose trader abuses, eight Navajo college students belonging to the Southwestern Indian Development, Inc. (SID) investigated more than thirty trading posts. They concluded: "In Navajo society, the trader, in that he is Anglo and has an economic stranglehold on the community, commands a position of respect and fear—mainly fear."

FTC and SID accounts cite numerous instances where Navajos intending to go to the DNA were threatened with loss of credit for the entire family, or actual physical harm. I encountered the same thing in my own interviews. One Navajo man told us, "I'm sure there were some people who were afraid to speak against the trader, especially the older people. I don't blame them if they were. He's all they had. . . . They could say, 'You cheated me out of this—I'm going to go somewhere else.' The trader would just sit there and smile at you. Then a few weeks later you're back again, like a dog with your tail between your legs."

Imagine for a moment the vast, austere deserts of northern Arizona, southern Utah and western New Mexico which comprise the Navajo Reservation, a unit the size of West Virginia with approximately one-ninth of the population and one-twenty-third of the roads. A dissatisfied Navajo consumer may have to travel as much as 80 miles to the next trading post, only to find an equally unscrupulous trader. Compounding an already difficult situation are the shyness and ignorance of the typical Navajo consumer: "A lot of Navajos are simply not terribly familiar with commercial practices or the legal process, which means that they can be bullied into not asserting their rights, and they're not sure what their rights are," says Charlie Donaldson of DNA.

The Navajo Reservation is, in effect, an underdeveloped country within our own borders where unemployment ranges from 60 to 70 per cent and many of the people speak no English. Electricity and running water are available only in the few reservation towns. "Foreign Aid" comes in the form of welfare, Social Security and an assortment of federal programs. From such poverty, reservation traders have been able to make well over $20 million a year.

One long-time reservation observer says: "The trader squeezes the economic vitality of the community and prevents new businesses from being formed and keeps Navajos from the full use of their income. It's that system the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) has failed to regulate. They operate under the same authority and regulations they did many years ago. But the circumstances have changed, and the Truth in Lending laws have been enacted, and the BIA just hasn't kept pace with the times. Because they [the traders] are subject to BIA regulations, they're not subject to state law, and the tribe has no jurisdiction over non-Indians, so they're not subject to tribal law. They're operating really as a federally licensed, unregulated monopoly."

Legally, on-reservation trading posts are there as guests of the tribe, but they can be regulated only by the federal government through the BIA. The FTC study reports that, "operation of a trading post is, in theory, a privilege that is carefully regulated and easily lost. This theory has never achieved the status of reality." In 1947 the Navajo Tribal Council drafted a regulatory resolution to deal with trader abuses, which the BIA refused to approve. Licenses are granted to traders for twenty-five years, and there is no system of public hearings. Although the BIA has the authority to suspend a trader's license, it has never done so. Trading posts must file income reports to the BIA and pay a 1.5 per cent sales tax to the tribe, but there are no auditing procedures.

Following the FTC study, thirteen posts were charged with specific violations and the FTC, with more than 1,000 pages of written testimony detailing trader abuses, was able to propose revised regulations which are to be printed in the *Federal Register* and approved by the Tribal Council. One agency official lamented, "I'm afraid that as long as there's poverty, there'll be a need for pawn, and as long as there's pawn, there'll be abuses. What we're hoping is that regulation from the BIA will limit those abuses."

Observers on the reservation claim that in the past traders have been very cozy with BIA employees, to the point of offering discounts in the posts. In addition, traders are a wealthy and powerful group, often owning chains of trading posts as well as other business interests, and are in a position to influence politicians.

The United Indian Traders' Association several years ago wrote to Congressmen and OEO officials accusing DNA attorneys of being wild-eyed radicals fresh out of law school. Within the climate of the Nixon administration, the claims were well received and twice the DNA program was almost terminated. Since then, traders have shifted to more subtle tactics, threatening recently through association attorney Charles Tansey that the new regulations will end the trading post practice of giving credit to customers and may even result in closing of some posts. In a newly realized and, to many, a dubious spirit of concern for Navajos, Tansey told the *Gallup Independent*, "We are a society which operates on a credit basis, and to take action which would terminate credit for Indians would seem to be a step backward and would seem to put the Indian back in the 18th or 19th century."

Some trading posts have voluntarily changed over to pawn tickets and practices which conform to the Truth in Lending laws, while others have approached the Advisory Committee of the Navajo Tribal Council urging a resolution which would exempt traders from the Truth in Lending laws, though the council has no authority to circumvent federal law. Still other posts have stopped taking pawn or do so only as security for credit, a transaction not covered by Truth in Lending.

Robert Hilgendorf, senior attorney at the Chinle DNA office, observes, "I think the trader will continue to exist and probably should continue to exist. We're not trying to eradicate the trader or trader system. I think it's like any other institution on the Navajo Reservation. They have to recognize that times are changing. Navajos are demanding control of their own institutions. The trader cannot continue to be an island of Anglo domination. They'll have to try to work with the Navajo tribe in developing businesses that are Navajo-owned."

In the past several years alternate sources of consumer goods have opened on the reservation, as well as markets for jewelry and rugs. One such alternative is the

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Dine Bi Naa Yei Co-operative of Pinon, Ariz.

The Pinon Co-op was the offspring of a class action suit against Pinon Mercantile, a trading post which had maintained inordinately high prices and illegal interest rates on pawn and credit. The community received more than $40,000 in damages, and the momentum of the campaign was enough to organize the co-op in April 1971 with funding from loans and grants.

Robert Salabye, a 29-year-old Navajo, gave up his job as DNA tribal advocate to organize the project, and Jon Colvin, a 32-year-old Anglo VISTA volunteer, became the other half of an effective, energetic team, the seed of Dineh Co-operative, Inc., which soon grew into nineteen co-op stores.

Only five have remained in operation because, as Salabye explains it, "I couldn't be at all nineteen places at one time. . . . Geographically, you can only hit two in one day, and even then you might only do thirty minutes of work at each place." Colvin adds, "Some of the co-ops weren't started by us. We had originally planned to work with five co-ops a year, and maybe several new ones each year. All of a sudden there were nineteen because funding sources that were out of our control pumped some money in and there was a co-op in one form or another with nobody except our office to provide technical assistance—training and trouble-shooting. We got totally overloaded."

Gradually, using explanations geared to Navajo concepts, Salabye and the other board members were able to attract members to the Pinon Co-op and see it achieve self-sufficiency in six months. Fairer markups, along with dividends, brought about 61 per cent lower prices, compared to Pinon Mercantile. Dineh Co-ops has learned recently that it is to receive a Community Development Corporation grant from the Community Services Administration (formerly the Office of Economic Opportunity) for the purpose of stimulating the economy in concentrated areas by lending money to potential businesses.

The biggest obstacle to wholehearted use of co-ops by Navajos is credit; many Navajos are unable to break away from trading post credit saturation and the immediate cash of the pawn system. To this end, the Pinon Co-op Federal Credit Union was formed in 1972 in Chinle, with plans to have offices in each successful co-op.

Credit unions are based on the same principles as a co-op, with community membership, a board of directors and a supervisor. Loans are secured primarily with jewelry, the value of which is to be determined by appointed appraisers, expert in crafts. Once jewelry is accepted as security, the owner has as long as two years to repay at a rate of 12 per cent interest. If he forfeits, he is notifed and the jewelry is auctioned.

Other alternatives to the pawn system lie in various craft guilds and co-operatives. Dine Bi is a marketing venture that involves Navajo VISTA volunteers who collect crafts and arrange shows in urban areas, selling jewelry over the counter and auctioning rugs. The craftperson receives 90 per cent of the sale.

The Navajo Arts and Crafts Enterprise was organized in 1941 to aid craftspeople in marketing their wares, improve the quality of workmanship and preserve traditional skills. The Enterprise now has seven stores.

Recently 150 Navajo silversmiths broke away from the Enterprise because of alleged practices which hamper Indian craftspeople. The new co-operative, Authentic Dine Craftsmen Association, maintains that the Enterprise pays its craftspeople poorly and sells non-Indian jewelry. The latter charge refers to an admission by Enterprise General Manager Ernest Apodaca that, in order to fill large, off-reservation retail contracts, the Enterprise must deal with jewelry jobbers such as Ortegas in Gallup which employ some non-Indians. Such crafts jobbers in satellite, off-reservation towns realize millions of dollars by turning

Sales Management Magazine

"Better Let Me Have Another Gross of the No. 101 Thunderbird Ashtrays, Two Gross of the No. 473 Beaded Souvenir Moccasins, and Two Dozen No. 87 Turquoise and Silver Runner Pins."

over Navajo jewelry. Gallup alone is estimated to gross $54 million a year.

Another contradiction in Enterprise policy is the fact that it limits the purchases it makes from reservation craftspeople. Miriam Ninebah Hufford, a fifth-generation silversmith who is not a member of either group, comments: "The tribal government needs to make laws and back up the craftsmen. We can sell to the Enterprise, but if they get too much of any one thing, they turn people down. The trader will always buy. The Guild could have been a successful business except for management problems. It seems that power goes to people's heads and they forget about their own people. I guess this is true in any given society.

"The way I see it, the tribe could have cornered the market on Navajo silver and turquoise jewelry, pottery and rugs. We could have been making the money that the tribe needs so much instead of selling our resources. We could have had outlets all over the world."

Regarding private attempts to market jewelry and rugs, she says, "Oh, some people take their jewelry to the cities and have shows, but there's no way we can compete with the high-class shops with their fancy advertising." She

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believes most silversmiths would prefer to have tourists come to their homes than to sell to a dealer or trader.

The situation is complicated by imitation Navajo jewelry pouring in from Mexico, the Orient and Iran. Assembly-line shops in Albuquerque and Gallup employ Indians so that the label "Indian-made" may be applied to machine-made jewelry. Beyond this is the use of treated or stabilized turquoise and alloyed silver even by Navajo craftspeople who cannot afford quality materials. To date the only trademark that guarantees authenticity is the Horned Moon of the Navajo Arts and Crafts Enterprise, although some craftspeople etch a personal mark on their product.

The New Mexico and Arizona state legislatures have responded in recent months to pressure from the Navajo Tribal Council and Navajo constituents. Freshman John Kennedy introduced a bill to the New Mexico House of Representatives which would require that all Indian-style jewelry that is not hand made by Indians be clearly labeled "Indian imitation" and impose fines up to $2,000 for violations. The Kennedy bill would also require labeling of treated turquoise.

Rep. Ben Hanley's Indian Arts and Crafts bill, requiring labeling of imitation Indian jewelry as such, died in the Arizona Senate Natural Resources Committee after passing on the House floor. A deluge of protest, including a statement from Navajo Tribal Chairman Peter MacDonald, reinstated consideration of the bill. The Arizona legislature then passed a watered-down version of the bill which allows Indians to place registered labels on their authentic handwork and makes it illegal to present imitations as authentic.

Legislation of this type offers some protection (even though there is no means of enforcement) to craftspeople and consumers alike. Untold numbers of unwary customers are purchasing assembly-line or imitation jewelry at handcraft prices. Without protective legislation, the consumer has few guarantees of authenticity. One can rely on a reputable dealer or, when traveling in the Southwest, patronize Navajo Arts and Crafts Enterprise stores. A determined jewelry connoisseur may seek out a Navajo silversmith.

Meanwhile, Navajo jewelry continues to be an exciting fashion—a combination of new and old, chic and earthy ornamentation. The jewelry serves Navajos as bank account and decoration and allows serious silversmiths to participate in the Anglo economy, with the implied benefits. It would be another injustice to native Americans to see Navajo handwork displaced by continuing mass-produced souvenirs and undermined by an anachronistic mercantile system. □

A WEDGE DRIVEN INTO CYPRUS

ADAMANTIA POLLIS

As long as vengeance fills my veins,
As long as my heart beats for Turkism,
As long as the word Greek exists in dictionaries,
By Allah this hate will not leave me.
A thousand heads of the Greeks will not wash away this hate.

I'll crush with a stone the heads of ten thousand of them.
I'll pull out the teeth of twenty thousand of them with my bare hands.
I'll throw the corpses of thirty thousand of them into the water.

The above song was chanted on July 20 in Nicosia by Turkish soldiers during a victory parade staged to celebrate the first anniversary of the Turkish invasion of Cyprus. Initially, the Turkish Cypriots had welcomed these soldiers as saviors and protecters against the Greek Cypriots whose armed forces, in conjunction with the Greek Cypriot terrorist organization EOKA B and the Ioannides dictatorship in Greece, had executed a coup against the constitutional government of President Makarios. But those early feelings have now changed to dismay and anger at an alien force that is no longer an army of liberation but an army of occupation. Turkey, it seems, had come not as a savior but as an invader intent on colonization and annexation. The Turkish Cypriot community appeared destined to be swallowed by an even more threatening majority.

Ever since the occupation of the northern 40 per cent of Cyprus by Turkey in August 1974, the voice of the Turkish Cypriots has been muted and their views suppressed. It is through the Turkish Cypriot puppet, Rauf Denktash, president of the hastily created, so-called Turkish Federated State of Cyprus, that the occupying Turks speak for their clients. The policies, goals and interests of Turkey have been imposed on the Turkish Cypriots, while their dissident leaders, such men as Beberoglu, Orhan, Kutchuk; trade union officials and members of the former Parliament—have fallen silent under the guns of 40,000 occupying Turkish troops, and threatened by the Turkish-led and -financed terrorist organization, TMT.

The international arena within which a solution to the Cyprus crisis is being discussed, be it intercommunal talks or United Nations resolutions, obfuscates the realities of Cyprus. The conventional perspective holds that the basic issue is the historic enmity between the two ethnic communities, that for the sake of peace and stability separation of Greek and Turkish Cypriots is both inevitable and essential. The only controversial issue, so the argument goes, is the amount of territory to be retained by the Greeks and Turks respectively, and consequently how many of the 183,000 Greek Cypriot refugees will be able to return to their homes. Such a perception of the situation is a distortion both of history and of present realities.

Throughout antiquity, the island was Greek ethnically and culturally, although with an admixture of Arabs. Then followed successive waves of conquerors, from the Franks to the Venetians to the Ottoman Turks and finally

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to the British, before the island became independent. During the modern period, beginning with Ottoman rule (1571-1878), there was little sense of ethnic identity, although there was of religious identity, namely Christian and Muslim. Class differences were pronounced but did not coincide with religion.

The dissolution of Cyprus as an autonomous, integrated political entity has been going on for years. At the time of independence in 1960, the 78 per cent Orthodox Christians, 20 per cent Muslims and 2 per cent Armenians and Maronites were dispersed throughout the island, with no geographic or institutional separation existing at the local level. British colonial policies, the rise of nationalist movements (mainly the Greek), the development of a predominantly Greek merchant and commercial class, and the direct and indirect interference in Cypriot domestic affairs by Greece, Turkey and the United States, created and intensified ethnic divisiveness.

In recent years, attempts to reintegrate the island have been thwarted by American policies, either directly or through its two client states, Greece and Turkey. The 1960 constitution, in particular, institutionalized ethnic divisions by providing separate political and social institutions for Greeks and Turks. Geographic segregation began after intercommunal strife in December 1963 when many Turkish Cypriot refugees fled to an enclave set up by the Turks, originally in part of the capital, Nicosia, but soon extending to the resort town of Kyrenia. In subsequent years Turkish Cypriot policies, including subsidies for Turks in this and other enclaves, and especially prohibitions against working in the Greek sector, were designed to thwart the return of Turks to their homes, to block the reintegration of the island, and effectively to prevent any socializing between the Greek and Turkish communities.

Geographic division became a foregone conclusion with the invasion of Cyprus by Turkish troops on July 20, 1974 and the subsequent offensive of August 14 to the so-called Attila line. Approximately 183,000 Greek Cypriots fled south from the Turkish-occupied northern area, while some Turkish Cypriots fled north and settled in the homes of the fleeing Greeks. It is estimated that approximately 9,000 Greek Cypriots remain in the Turkish occupied area. The nearly 9,000 Turkish Cypriots who remained in the Greek-controlled southern area after the Turkish invasion have been reduced in the past few months to less than 250 as a result of the Vienna agreement in July 1975 between Denktash and Clerides, leader of the Greek Cypriot community, which provided for the "voluntary" movement of Turks to the north.

The potential for demographic change on the island is great. While many Greek Cypriots are leaving the island, the Turks have not only quartered 40,000 troops in northern Cyprus but as of last August had settled there between 12,000 and 20,000 mainland Turks. The Turkish Federated State of Cyprus, self-proclaimed by Denktash in February, has been pushing for international recognition through such devices as requests to speak at the debate on Cyprus in the General Assembly and the Security Council of the United Nations. Meanwhile, this region has been incorporated administratively into the district of Mersin, Turkey. The postal system, monetary unit and banking system are all Turkish, further reinforcing the Turkish Cypriot dependence on Turkey, as well as removing whatever vestiges of autonomy might have remained.

Underlying the Greco-Turkish conflict, and a precipitating factor in the conflict, are the policies of the United States. Ever since the Acheson-Ball plan of 1964 for the "double partition" of the island and the establishment of a base in the Turkish area, the United States has opposed the existence of an independent, nonaligned, integrated Cyprus. President Makarios has been portrayed as the "Castro of the Mediterranean" and the principal obstacle to the success of American goals, which still include a large base on Cyprus. American responsibility for the recent Cyprus disaster, sparked by Ioannides's coup against Makarios, is gradually coming to light. As of now, evidence points not only to the United States' involvement in the coup, but also to the American intelligence community's miscalculation of the Turkish reaction, and of Turkey's long-range goals.

Ex-dictator Ioannides, through his lawyer, has told American and German journalists that the United States had assured him that, if he overthrew Makarios, Turkey would not invade. Former U.S. Ambassador to Greece, Henry Tasca, has testified before the House Select Committee on Intelligence that during the brief Ioannides reign in Greece the representative of U.S. policy in Athens was the CIA; that Ioannides dealt only with the CIA, and that he, the Ambassador, was not kept informed of policy decisions. Taylor B. Belcher, former U.S. Ambassador to Cyprus, testified before the same committee that it was well known among senior political officials in Cyprus that the CIA was paying Ioannides to subsidize the right wing EOKA B for the purpose of eliminating Makarios. Secretary of State Kissinger's willingness at the time of the July 1974 coup to recognize Nicos Sampson, the professional assassin, as Makarios's replacement, and his so-called tilt toward Turkey are too well known to need elaboration. (The House Select Committee on Intelligence, on November 13, cited Secretary Kissinger for contempt of Congress for his refusal to provide the committee with requested documents, including some pertaining to Cyprus.)

A combination of factors presages the eventual partition of the island, initially into a bizonal federation: the Middle East situation and the problem of resupplying Israel; the presence of the Soviet fleet in the Mediterranean; U.S. defense estimates as to the greater significance of Turkey over Greece; and the perceived risks by Washington of a nonaligned Cyprus. All these considerations influence American support for a "federated" settlement. Such a "federation" would ostensibly provide for a Turkish zone of approximately 30 per cent of the island, while the "federal" government would exercise even more limited power than that exercised by the central government under the Cypriot constitution of 1960. Inevitably, Greco-Turkish population exchanges would continue between the two zones, leaving each zone predominantly of one ethnic group with the Turkish sector augmented by the influx

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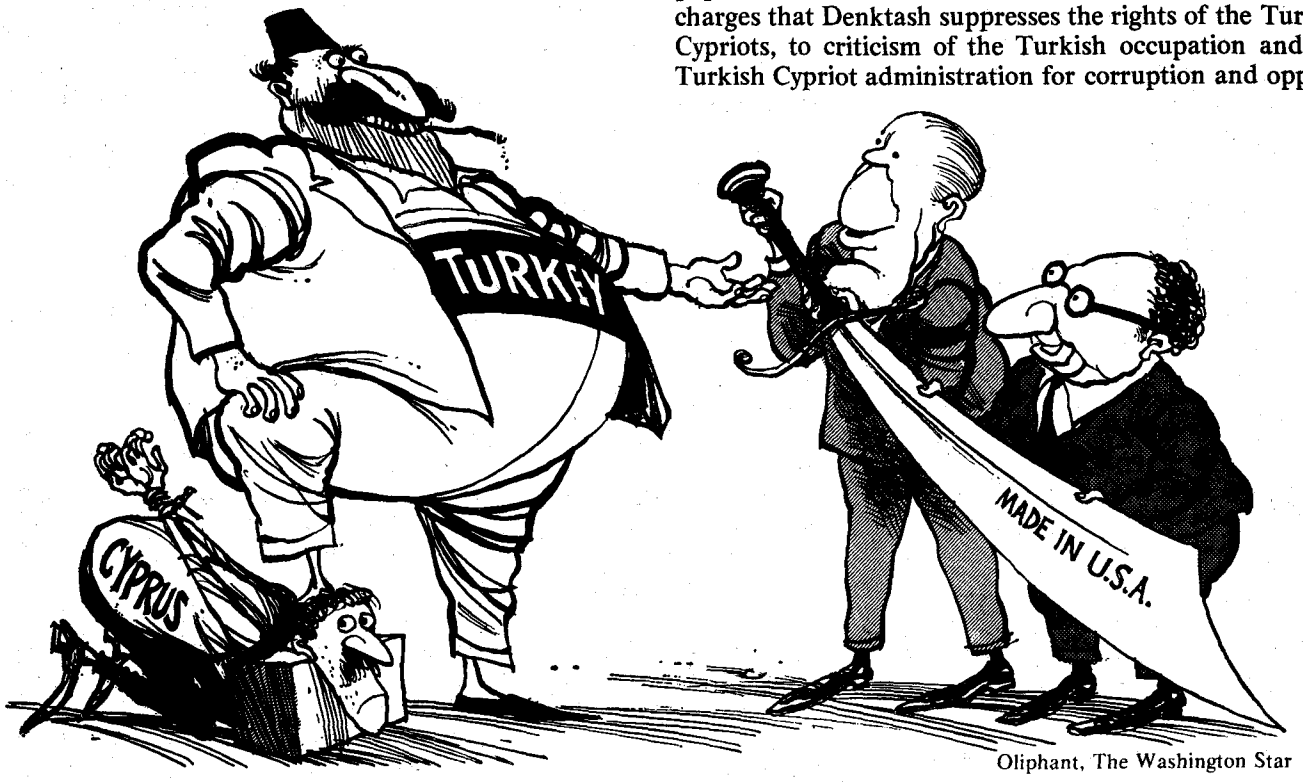
from the mainland. Such a solution would not be viable; not even a minimal common national interest could be formulated or pursued.

The alleged monolithic Turkish Cypriot bloc, having an identity of interest with Turkey, is in marked contrast to the known diversity within the Greek Cypriot community, where legitimately organized political parties range from AKEL, the Cypriot Communist Party, to the right-wing DEK. Nevertheless, ideological conflict has remained somewhat dormant because of external threats as well as the internal threat posed for years by the neo-Fascist EOKA B. Consequently, in recent years President Makarios received close to 95 per cent of the vote in popular elections. The rising standard of living, the burgeoning middle class, ideological opposition to the Papadopoulos and Ioannides dictatorships in Greece, and dissemination of the notion of a Cypriot nation have eroded support for *enosis*—that is, union with Greece. Only EOKA B, formed in the 1950s to combat British colonial rule and reorganized in 1971 to combat Makarios, still advocates *enosis*. This militantly Greek nationalist and terrorist organization has become an instrument of American foreign policy. It was EOKA B, in conjunction with the Greek-officered Cypriot National Guard, that executed the coup against Makarios in July 1974. Subsequent information that it has been financed indirectly or directly by the CIA, and that it agreed to the American design for the partition of the island, has lost EOKA B even the minimal popular support it enjoyed during and after the struggle against British domination. It is reported that, despite this loss of credibility, EOKA B continues to be externally financed.

The conflict between Makarios and the Greek dictatorship was known to the world for a long time. In contrast, little is known regarding the relationship between the Turkish Cypriot leadership and Turkey, or about divisions within the Turkish Cypriot community itself. The political regime of the Turkish Cypriot community is that of a repressive police state under the domination of a colonial ruler, Turkey. Within this community there are diverse attitudes toward Cyprus and markedly conflicting political ideologies, but opposition is underground and there is a public semblance of harmony. The minority status of the Turkish Cypriots within Cyprus and the effective mechanisms of the Turkish police state have enabled the perpetuation of the myth of a united, monolithic populace fully in support of its leadership and of the Turkish occupation. However, the Turkish Cypriot reality is quite different.

Rauf Denktash, the leader of the Turkish Cypriot community, heads a puppet government ratified by a referendum in the Turkish Cypriot community on June 8, with the Turkish army watching. Over the years Denktash has gradually gathered power, emerging as the strong man of the community. Years ago, with the support of the Turkish Government, he ousted the original leader of the Turkish Cypriot community, Fazil Kutchuk.

Recent events point to continued resistance to Denktash's rule by Turkish Cypriots. When in February he called for a referendum to ratify his announcement of the establishment of the Turkish Federated State of Cyprus, both Turkish trade union leaders and the Turkish Cypriot opposition press protested, accusing Denktash of dictatorial actions. Last summer several prominent Turkish Cypriot political leaders came out squarely against Denktash in public statements and by forming opposition political parties; among these men were Ahmet Beberoglu, a lawyer; Alper Orhan, a former minister in Denktash's government, and Fazil Kutchuk, publisher of the newspaper, *Halkin Sesi*. The dissidents' attacks range from charges that Denktash suppresses the rights of the Turkish Cypriots, to criticism of the Turkish occupation and the Turkish Cypriot administration for corruption and oppres-



Oliphant, The Washington Star

"Now, Please Remember, It's for Ceremonial Use Only!"

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sion, and treatment of Turkish Cypriots as second-class citizens. *Halkin Sesi* counseled Turkish Cypriots to remain in the Greek area and not to migrate north to the Turkish zone.

The terror and repressiveness of the Turkish Cypriot regime make it difficult to investigate adequately the attitudes and views of the Turkish Cypriots. Nevertheless there is evidence that the people are dissatisfied with the political leadership, dismayed by living conditions and resentful of oppression. Following the Greek coup against Makarios, many Turkish Cypriots did flee the Greek area in the south from fear of Greek attacks on them by EOKA B forces, but thousands remained. These thousands, mostly villagers, have been coerced into moving into the Turkish zone in the past four months by the terrorist TMT. Reports abound as to the despair of the Turkish Cypriot villagers at being uprooted from their ancestral homes to face an uncertain future in a land occupied by a foreign force.

Despite long and extensive efforts to divide the Greek and Turkish Cypriot communities completely, several Greek Cypriot political organizations have claimed Turkish Cypriots in their membership. AKEL, the Cypriot Communist Party, and its trade union organization have had a sizable Turkish Cypriot membership, particularly in earlier years. Similarly, EDEK, the Socialist Party organized in 1970, has included Turkish Cypriots. Its militant position for the preservation of an independent, unified, nonaligned Cyprus, its opposition to the Greek dictatorship and its anti-imperialist stand, have not only strengthened its position among the Greek Cypriots but have gained it adherents among Turkish Cypriots who hold similar views. The New Cyprus Association, a nonparty group that was formed at the beginning of 1975, is working explicitly for the reintegration of all Cypriot communities by conducting historical research on the distinctiveness of Cyprus and by spreading the notion of a Cypriot nation. Its goal, obviously, is to include Greek, Turkish, Maronite and Armenian Cypriots. However, all groups advocating a unified Cyprus face nearly insurmountable obstacles when they attempt to maintain relations with the Turkish Cypriots. The extensive police network which terrorizes the Turkish Cypriot population, the 40,000 occupation troops and the total segregation of the Greek and Turkish sectors force contacts by AKEL, EDEK and the New Cyprus Association with Turkish Cypriots into clandestine channels and membership into anonymity. Particularly since August, when the Turkish Cypriots remaining in the south were herded into the Turkish occupied areas, an iron curtain surrounds the Turkish Cypriots.

In recent years conflict between EOKA B and the Greek Cypriot political leadership, particularly President Makarios and his supporters, had escalated to the level of violence. By contrast, there has been an apparent harmony of interests and policies between TMT and the Turkish Cypriot leadership. The terrorist organization has acted as a paramilitary force on behalf of the Turkish Cypriot leadership, intimidating Turkish Cypriots into conformity and submission. Founded in 1956 and originally calling for the unification of Cyprus with Turkey for strategic and historical reasons, it soon shifted to advocating partition, in line with the policy of Turkey and the Turkish Cypriot leadership. Like EOKA, TMT has used terror and assassination as political tools. As early as 1962, an editor of an opposition newspaper, Ahmet Burhan, and a lawyer, Ayhan Hikmet, were murdered. And last July eight Turkish Cypriots known for their ties to the Greek Cypriots were found dead.

Denktash has no independent power base; he controls no army and no arms and his popular support is rapidly waning. He remains in power at the sufferance of the Turkish Government and the occupying troops. Even TMT is led and financed by Turkey. Given this situation, Denktash can be little more than a spokesman for Turkey.

It is Turkey, therefore, that must be looked to for any understanding of Turkish Cypriot policies and actions. Although a client state of the United States ever since the Truman Doctrine was promulgated in 1948, and although fearing the Soviet Union on its borders, Turkey, for a variety of historical reasons, has exhibited greater autonomy vis-à-vis the United States than has Greece. Recently, there has been in addition a resurgence of militant nationalism. Premier Demirel's ideologically conservative Justice Party, and even more some of its coalition partners such as the National Salvation Party, which is committed to the revival of Islam, have made Cyprus a foremost national issue. This emphasis is strongly supported by the military, the power behind Turkish civilian governments. Evidence is mounting that the long-run Turkish objective is the annexation of Cyprus.

Crucial, however, to the success of its objectives is Turkey's ability to control the Turkish Cypriots, and such control is being threatened. In the past few months tension and conflict have developed between the indigenous Turkish Cypriots and the new immigrants. The Turkish Cypriots seem to be increasingly differentiating themselves from the Turks as they become more aware of cultural and linguistic differences and of being exploited economically. Dissident Turkish Cypriot leaders describe the conditions of the Turkish Cypriots as deplorable. Immigration from the mainland, now estimated to be as many as 20,000, is projected to a total influx of approximately 80,000. Despite official Turkish Cypriot denials that this constitutes colonization, the opposition contends that the Turkish Cypriots are becoming a disadvantaged minority in their own homeland. The best housing has gone to Turkish troops or Turkish immigrants, and Turkish Cypriots are housed in dwellings that have been looted by the Turkish troops. While the unemployment rate is estimated at approximately 30 per cent of the labor force, Turkish immigrants are hired for whatever jobs are available. Denktash's claim that the immigrants consist of technicians who have arrived to assist the Turkish Cypriots in economic development and to train personnel in needed skills is widely rejected. From the limited information available it appears probable that conditions in the Turkish Federated State of Cyprus are ripe for the eruption of intense conflict between the Turkish Cypriots and the Turks. It may well take the intervention of the Turkish Army and an even more active TMT to enable Denktash to survive and to transform Cyprus into a Turkish province. □

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THE BIG SUBPOENA BROOM

CLEANING MARYLAND'S STABLE

WILLIAM F. SCHMICK III

Baltimore

A funny thing happened in Maryland recently. Within a fortnight of each other, two of the state's best-known crooks—Spiro Agnew and Joseph Alton—solicited interviews with the press to say that they were well and ready once again for public service. The differences in their style and message conformed precisely to what the state has come to expect from them. Both convicted of felony in office, they nonetheless were the known extremes of Maryland's political corruption—a continuing scandal which should make the rest of the nation shudder at the state's motto: "America in Miniature."

Joseph W. Alton, Jr., Anne Arundel County's executive for ten years and just out of Allenwood (Pa.) federal prison, took over the basement of a fashionable restaurant on the county's South River. Dapper, relaxed and soft-spoken as always, he offered himself, along with a lavish buffet, to two dozen reporters and photographers, and whoever else showed up. No, he would never again run for public office; yes, although it was legally his, he would pay back some $16,000 in state pension moneys as soon as he could get a job. But, most important, he thought his successor was doing a lousy job and he was determined to use his immense popularity and shrewdness to regain his stature as the county's political kingmaker. It was the same old Alton. He'd served his time; he had no excuses to make. Now he wanted a little action and a little fun; so, look out boys, here he comes.

A little more than 10 miles from where Alton held forth is Agnew's plush second-story office in Crofton where, with a staff of three full-time aides and one part-timer, he is putting together his "novel" and managing other affairs that must be lucrative, since somewhere he's found the money to buy a $120,000 home and a $60,000 condominium in Ocean City, and to travel everywhere from Caracas to London, to Athens and points east.

Tanned and trim, immaculately groomed as always, Agnew delivered his message privately—to the chief of the local Associated Press Bureau, who said later that he thought Agnew had tapped him for this exclusive because "we see each other socially"; "he wanted to cut loose" and "he probably felt a little more comfortable with me."

Agnew spoke his piece in two parts. The first was a loud whine against those people who keep doubting his honesty, who keep saying he was pressured out of office; actually he's been much misunderstood and somehow the liberal media is behind it all and—somehow—he's not at all what posterity will record: a confessed chiseler on taxes (and taxes owed on graft at that), and the first Vice President in history forced to resign in disgrace.

The other half of the pitch was just that—a pitch. Whatever happened to those conservative values he espoused, Agnew asked? Who's speaking for the conservative now? Well, in the absence of anyone else, he'll do it. So how about a little contribution to help him out with this nonprofit foundation "to promote, encourage, and support the development of public understanding and appreciation of the advantages of a democratic society?"

Good ol' Joe, decent ol' Joe, and Spiro the snake-oil salesman. Their timing and presumption are remarkable. Here they were, convicts of the first waves of an ongoing investigation, wanting to get back into the system just as that system is about to be exposed again. Is their perception accurate? Does Maryland forgive so quickly? Or does it just not care? Whatever, Agnew says the donations are rolling in, and there are few who doubt that Joe Alton could be re-elected tomorrow if the law would let him run.

Maryland is now in the thirty-fifth month of the most massive and prolonged investigation of political corruption in its history. Another wave of indictments has just come down, involving the administration of Gov. Marvin Mandel, chairman of the National Governors Conference and a man prominent in Democratic state politics for nearly twenty-five years.

The pattern of the Mandel probe is similar to those that swept down Agnew, Alton and a host of others: mass, seemingly indiscriminate, subpoenas; brutal interrogation; compulsory immunity. Squeeze a little, deal a little, and bit by bit the system unfolds and leads you to the pol at the top. The state, with its tradition of courtship between local prosecutors and politicians, has never seen anything like it. On October 20, for the first time in the history of Maryland—and possibly of any state in the union—the members of the state Senate (years of 1971 and 1972) were subpoenaed en masse. The protests were immediate and loud and the subpoenas were withdrawn, but only after the Senators had promised to appear voluntarily before the grand jury.

What the grand jury wanted in this instance was testimony involving race track legislation—the effect of which may have ultimately benefited cronies of Governor Mandel. There have been literally hundreds of subpoenas in recent months: for the Governor's personal financial records; for records of banking and possible business transactions by him and the members of his family; for transcripts of every press conference since he took office in 1969; the logs of visitors to the executive mansion during and after hours; even the household expense accounts of the executive mansion. And almost every member of his personal staff has also been subpoenaed. Along with all this the investigators have hauled in the books of scores of firms and government agencies that might have done business with the sprawling Tidewater real estate and insurance combine whose officials are long-time personal friends of Mandel.

That the Governor should be so targeted does not surprise anyone familiar with Maryland politics. Mandel entered politics in 1951, winning a post on the Democratic State Central Committee. A year later he was appointed to

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a vacancy in the House of Delegates. He did well there and in 1962, when the House Speaker was indicted for corruption, he was named to that post. Then, when Nixon took Governor Agnew to his bosom, Mandel—as Speaker—controlled the largest bloc of votes in the state legislature and easily won his colleagues' nod to fill that vacancy.

Throughout his career, the laconic, pipe-puffing Mandel has built a reputation as an excellent executive and one who played the game by local rules. He lined up with the right bosses, remembered who his friends were and didn't hesitate to take the freebies that he thought came with the job. Why not give his son, Gary, one of the legislative scholarships the state awards to needy children; or take trips at the expense of nearly a dozen companies that do business with the state; or accept for almost nothing a 15 per cent interest in an Eastern Shore land deal put together by men whose businesses held large state contracts? What's illegal about it, he asked his critics.

In contrast to the Agnew investigation there is little public knowledge yet of the progress of the current probe. And despite rumors that Washington has authorized numerous grants of immunity, there has been little open speculation about who's cooperating with the government. But the current grand jury on November 24 indicted Governor Mandel and five of his close associates on twenty-four counts of mail fraud, racketeering and bribery. So the people of Maryland will now learn the full facts at the trial. In the meantime, members of the legislature, which convenes in two months, seemed nonplused by the indictments; most of those interviewed saw nothing wrong with the Governor insisting on holding his office during the long drawn legal wrangle shortly to begin.

Were it not for Spiro Agnew—whose gall, Middle American politics and extraordinary luck shot him within thirteen years from being a failing Baltimore County lawyer to a member of the county Board of Appeals, to county executive, to Governor and then to Vice President—the nation probably would little note Maryland's problems. Political corruption in Maryland is long-lived and widespread, but the state has no corner on the commodity. Pennsylvania, Florida, Illinois, New Jersey and a number of other states, have all experienced vigorous investigations recently. Western Pennsylvania and New Jersey have each indicted and convicted more public officials than has Maryland.

Federal prosecutors in New Jersey have been looking into local corruption since 1969, as have the federal prosecutors in western Pennsylvania. In New Jersey, more than 100 ranking public officials have been convicted, along with dozens of lesser officials. In western Pennsylvania, which encompasses Pittsburgh, the number of convictions is about half that, but more officials are still awaiting trial.

Pennsylvania's probe also includes a Governor, Milton Shapp, who has admitted taking two paper bags containing $10,000 each during his 1970 campaign for governor. Shapp told the grand jury he just can't remember what happened to the cash. But then, investigating a governor is not unusual these days. Besides Shapp and Mandel, nearly a score of state chiefs have been the subjects of recent federal inquiry.

A federal move to investigate local political corruption began long before the nation was overtaken by what Agnew now cynically calls a "Watergate morality." During the Kennedy years in Washington Atty. Gen. Robert Kennedy pushed for legislation that would ease the work of local prosecutors; specifically, he wanted enacted statutes against interstate bribery and extortion. In the words of one ranking official in Kennedy's Criminal Justice Division, "he just felt the local prosecutors weren't doing the job. So he expanded the investigative divisions, went after and got the new laws, and put the word out."

One federal prosecutor who got the word was Joseph D. Tydings who, as Maryland's U.S. Attorney, preceded his 1964 Senate campaign with a string of political prosecutions. A couple of years later, Stephen H. Sachs took over the crusade. He quit the office in protest when former Atty. Gen. John N. Mitchell quashed an indictment of one of Maryland's most influential contractors; it was a complex indictment that involved some of the biggest names in Congress.

When George Beall succeeded Sachs, he inherited a tradition of vigorous prosecution, but prosecution which to that point had only nibbled at the roots of "the system" of corruption in Maryland. That system, which has been ruthlessly exposed during the past three years, is a dynamic of entrenched old-guard politics and sudden growth.

Between 1960 and 1970 Maryland's population increased by 26.5 per cent, to nearly 4 million. In speed of growth the state ranked sixth, behind Alaska, Arizona, California, Florida and Nevada, and three of every four residents were packed into the general confines of the Baltimore-Washington corridor—a broad strip extending south and west from the lush valleys north of Baltimore, through Anne Arundel's farmlands to the posh bedroom communities of the nation's capital.

Anne Arundel and Baltimore Counties—the respective homes of Alton and Agnew, and where lived most of the others caught up in the probe—found themselves in a building boom. Arundel's population soared by 44 per cent, Baltimore County's by about 26 per cent. With this immigration came new roads and housing and with these the land speculators, real estate agents, architects, engineers and platoons of contractors and subcontractors. And the land had to be zoned or rezoned and permits had to be let.

Public officials were letting and approving almost all of this business, and that's where the system took hold. It was a back-scratching climate: the businessman provided the money so that the politician could get elected, and the politician provided the work so that the businessman would provide the money. Joe Alton said as much more than four years ago, long before the system was disclosed by prosecutors: "Those people are not giving me thousands of dollars because they love me, but because they want to be remembered," he told a press conference. And Agnew, frustrated in his attempts to throttle the government's courtroom disclosure of the extraordinary graft it was prepared to charge him with, claimed it was all just "part of a long-established pattern of political fund raising in the state." From the best evidence available, Agnew's and Alton's uses of this system represent two extremes—the worst and the least worst.

Alton was born into the system, the son of the county

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sheriff. His first election experience was when he himself was sheriff, handling all the patronage the late Gov. Theodore R. McKeldin could give him. On Election Days, he now recalls, he used to march his prisoners down to the polls. There they would mumble their address as 52 Calvert Street—the jail—vote right, pick up their whiskey miniatures and march on back to jail with the man they had voted to re-elect.

Alton was the county's first executive, and its only one, until a year ago. When he got the job, Arundel was a collection of fiefdoms, each with its own road system, a large majority of its quarter-million residents using septic tanks, and a county government in which no one was certain of the size of the bonded debt. It had more then 400 miles of waterfront and not a single acre of designated parkland. It was on the verge of a building boom. It was ripe for plucking.

When he left county government, Alton was generally credited with having been an excellent administrator—one who tailored growth to the best interests of the county's residents. To do that, he decided early, he'd have to get re-elected and so he always raised the cash and kept his sources to himself. He has since admitted that much of the money came from consultants, architects and engineers, who got their business at his discretion. But most Marylanders believed him when he said that he used the unreported contributions for campaign funds only and never kept a penny for himself; that in effect he merely continued a rotten system.

The court record of the Agnew case makes Alton look like a schoolboy caught snitching apples from a fruit stand. The 40-page document details evidence from engineers that he had taken kickbacks for government contracts—through bagmen or personally—from the time he became Baltimore County executive in 1962, while he was Governor in 1967 and 1968 and up to December 1972, less than a month before his second inauguration as Vice President. His methods were simple, even crude: cash payments in plain envelopes, $1,000, $2,000, sometimes $3,000 or more at a time. He even took a payoff in the White House. Of his record as an administrator little can be said—he never held an office long enough to make his mark.

But just as none of this is peculiar to Maryland, neither are the tactics which disclosed it. It is horrifying even as a speculation, but were it not for the Newark, N.J. riots of 1967, Spiro Agnew might be President today.

Following the appalling outbreak of violence in the summer of that year, a gubernatorial commission was appointed. Among other things, it concluded that there was in the city widespread belief that "everything at City Hall was for sale." The incoming U.S. Attorney, Frederick B. Lacey, decided to see for himself if that were so and launched a probe that ultimately included every major city, all of the state's twenty-one counties, and every major officeholder. Lacey's tactics were simple: subpoena all the records of a local government; look for suspicious transactions, including work-change orders and unusual endorsements on canceled checks; subpoena the records of various businesses whose transactions with the government look suspicious. And then, in the words of the current U.S. Attorney Jonathan L. Goldstein, begin "the search for cash." Prosecutors have found that there are limited ways to raise the cash necessary for kickbacks. Two of those are bonuses to business executives and payments to third parties. What's important is to spot the cash transaction, identify those on either end of it and start bearing down.

Prosecutors learned early that a businessman would cave in faster than a politician, becoming a "cooperative" witness in return for a promise of leniency. A convicted businessman, after all, could always start another business; where was a convicted public official to find another public? The practice of "getting the pol" above all has gradually been established on the premise that he, by virtue of his office, could eliminate corruption and is thereby the more guilty for practicing or condoning it.

On December 11, 1972, Maryland's U.S. Attorney Beall, along with assistant prosecutor Russell T. Baker and Robert L. Browne, chief of intelligence for the Internal Revenue Service's Baltimore division, traveled to Newark to meet with Lacey's successor, Herbert Jay Stern, who had established himself as one of the nation's leading racket busters. (See "Real Law & Order: The Cleanup of New Jersey" by Fred J. Cook, *The Nation*, July 16, 1973.) Browne had earlier shown Beall reports gathered by the IRS which suggested corruption in the then-current Baltimore County administration of Dale Anderson. Not surprised, Beall decided to launch a thorough investigation. Today he credits Stern, who is now a federal judge, with schooling the Marylanders on how to do it.

Within a month of that visit, Baltimore County was being papered with subpoenas. Records of firms that did business with the county as well as the county's own records were being hauled by the truckload into the Federal Building in downtown Baltimore. With IRS agents poring over the figures and prosecutors asking embarrassing questions, the system began to give up its secrets.

One by one, the witnesses started to cooperate to "get on the boat," as Barnet D. Skolnik, the ablest and most ferocious of the prosecutors, liked to say. With use immunity, a new and highly effective tool whereby the prosecutors compel a witness to testify with the caveat that what he doesn't tell may be used against him, and plea bargaining, it was like climbing a ladder; the rungs were businessmen and bagmen, and their testimony led to Agnew and then Anderson, who was convicted on thirty-two counts of conspiracy, extortion and tax evasion, and is now serving a five-year sentence at Allenwood federal prison. Anderson alone would not play. All the others copped a plea, turned government witness and were treated relatively well—too well, some might say.

Lester Matz, the founder and partner of one of the state's major engineering firms and the man whose payoffs to Agnew included $10,000 delivered in person to him in the White House, was given immunity and not prosecuted. Neither was Jerome B. Wolff, a lawyer who, as chairman-director of the State Roads Commission, handed out state contracts to the firms who paid off Governor Agnew.

At least three federal judges thought these out-of-court bargains a bit much. The prosecutors howled in dismay when this local panel disregarded their suggestions and handed out jail terms to two of their most cooperative witnesses. I.H. (Bud) Hammerman, a wealthy Baltimore mortgage banker and civic leader who, according to court records, forced at least seven engineering firms and one

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financial institution to pay kickbacks to Governor Agnew, was fined $5,000 and sentenced to eighteen months in jail; Allen I. Green, a Baltimore County engineer who detailed payoffs to Agnew, was also fined $5,000 and sentenced to twelve months.

Hammerman's sentence was overturned on appeal when a higher court in Richmond (Va.) effectively went the Baltimore panel one better: the prosecutors had no right to intimate to Hammerman that a guilty plea would keep him from jail. Prosecutors may only recommend; they may not promise; they may not even hint. The power of sentence belongs to the judge alone. Thus Hammerman will have a chance to plead anew, and the chips will fall as they may—and should—in a courtroom.

Mass subpoenas, use immunity and plea bargaining have produced extraordinary results for the U.S. Attorney's office in Baltimore. Some have criticized the methods as high-handed, ruthless and discriminatory. It is said that they give the businessman a break but persecute the public official. And the scattershot subpoenas and extensive plea bargaining, the sheer length of time the investigators take, smear the reputations of all implicated, whether innocent or guilty. All this seems at odds with elementary fairness and perhaps even justice.

But the results are solid proof that local prosecutors in Maryland had done a dismal job. In response, the state bar association asked that the 1975 state legislature create a statewide prosecutor with the power to move at will into any jurisdiction. Although the powers of the office were diluted somewhat in the bill's course through the legislature, the heart of the measure survived. As now drawn, it permits the special prosecutor to investigate in any subdivision, but once he has developed his case, he must turn it over to the local state's attorney for prosecution. Then, if no action is taken within forty-five days, he may step back in again.

The office does not yet exist because of a technical challenge which the state's highest court should shortly resolve. That's a minor hurdle. The major one will be when the state is asked to cough up the cash necessary to support the office and an adequate staff.

In other words, it's back to the pols again. □

CON ED'S MIRACULOUS RECOVERY

DAVID KUSNET

Washington

Did the electric utility companies shrewdly exaggerate the reports of their own death throes? When Consolidated Edison skipped a dividend in April 1974, industry spokesmen warned that the utilities were entering a grim new period when their very survival was in jeopardy. Threatening a dark age of brownouts and blackouts, the utilities demanded rate increases, tax breaks and new forms of special assistance. A little more than a year later, the rates are higher, the utilities' tax bills are lower, the Ford administration promises new tax giveaways—and the lights are still on. Meanwhile, the same business periodicals which several months ago warned that electric utilities were an endangered species are today recommending their stocks for speculative investment.

It's no secret why Reddy Kilowatt, the private power industry's sprightly mascot, is grinning from ear to ear. As *Nation's Business* gloated in its August issue, the utilities are "turning back the threat of government takeover," and making healthy profits as well. Rate hikes, tax breaks and bail-out schemes open profit opportunities for private investors. But for the rate-paying, tax-paying public, the bonanza for investors represents the cost of maintaining a private power industry which only last year informed us that it could not survive in its present form.

As a former reporter who'd fumbled the Con Ed story as clumsily as any of my colleagues, I wrote in this magazine last winter ("Con Ed Cons the Press," December 7, 1974) that New York State's purchase of two unfinished power plants for $500 million was more of a windfall for the utility than the daily newspapers had revealed. I should have put my money where my mouth was. Plunging from 18 on April 23, the day before the skipped dividend was announced, Con Ed stock bottomed out at 7 last December. But, by midsummer, the stock had climbed to 14 and a fraction—and any investor savvy enough to have bought Con Ed in December would have doubled his money by July.

It would be pleasant to believe that the winners in this unheralded corporate revival were the widows and orphans who Con Ed proclaims own the bulk of its stock. More likely, whatever killings took place were made by corporate insiders close to the banks whose representatives dominate Con Ed's board of directors and whose trust departments hold large blocks of its stock. At the time of the skipped dividend, the press almost unanimously reported that institutional investors were dropping Con Ed, but if they did move out, the major banks were back in force by year's end. Con Ed is required each year to file the holdings of its ten largest stockholders with the Federal Power Commission, and eight of the eleven largest institutional investors in the 1974 report show up again in the 1975 submission. Moreover, Cede and Co., the nominee for a subsidiary of the New York Stock Exchange, owned more Con Ed stock on December 31, 1974, than it had a year earlier, and so did the trust departments of Riggs National Bank and the Swiss American Corp. A nominee for the Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. emerged as a major stockholder in 1975, with 53,795 shares, although the bank had not been listed as a major shareholder in the 1973 and 1972 reports.

Long the problem child of the utility industry, Con Ed made a remarkable comeback during the first half of 1975. Its profits increased by 9.9 per cent in the second quarter of this year, compared with the same period last year. The company increased its common stock dividend to 30 cents

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a share and was reported to be planning to restore it to its prior price of 45 cents. "Is Con Ed a good speculation?" asked Robert Metz on the financial page of the August 7th *New York Times*, and quoted several stock analysts whose answers were optimistic.

Con Ed owed its recovery to several acts of generosity by the state, including the $500-million bailout for the power plants. The purveyor of the nation's highest priced electricity was granted a $338.7-million rate increase last September and, since January 1974, its charges have soared by 40 per cent. By approving these rate increases, the state Public Service Commission raised Con Ed's allowable return on investment to a record 13.5 per cent.

Never as troubled as Con Ed, other utilities were undergoing a dramatic change of fortune, and investors were taking notice. Since December 31, the Dow Jones utility average has skyrocketed by 48 per cent. The July 23rd *Financial World* ("The Utilities Newfound Power") reported, "True to style, professional money managers have turned 180 degrees on the group [electric utilities], gobbling up the shares in recent months as aggressively as they unloaded them earlier." Nor did the utilities' renewed popularity result from favorable financing arrangements born of corporate desperation; a survey by *Energy Finance Weekly* taken at the close of business on June 20 revealed that utility stocks were selling at 94 per cent of book value, as compared to 70 per cent or less some weeks earlier. Midsummer was a heady time for an industry whose obituary had appeared in the business press under titles such as "Utilities: Weak Point in the Energy Future," (*Business Week*, January 20) and "The Utilities Fight to Stay Alive" (*Fortune*, March 1975).

The year 1974, which the business press had portrayed as one of crisis for the utilities, had actually been much harder on consumers than on coupon clippers. Electric and gas utility bills increased nearly $10 billion last year, according to a study prepared for the Senate Committee on Government Operations by the Congressional Research Service. No less an authority than the industry-financed Edison Electric Institute reported that rates in 1974 were on average 26 per cent higher than they had been in 1973—and should rise another 40 per cent this year. In addition, the utilities benefit from an amendment to the 1975 tax-cut legislation that gives power companies an investment tax credit of 10 per cent (up from 4 per cent).

Historically, the utilities have justified their rate increases on the ground that they need funds to build additional generating capacity. But during 1974 Americans used only 0.6 per cent more electricity than they had in 1973—a sudden drop from an average annual growth rate of 7 per cent. Part of the utilities' recovery stemmed from their cutbacks in construction plans, saving funds that would have been used to build new facilities and to borrow money at record interest rates. However, the utilities continue to cite estimates of future capital needs based on past increases in demand when they file for rate increases that involve higher and higher allowable rates of return on invested capital. Con Ed, for instance, is now demanding an eye-popping 17 per cent return on its common equity.

The biggest set of gifts yet for the utilities is contained in the Ford administration's energy program, under the guise of promoting America's capacity to generate energy without relying on the oil-producing nations. Title VII of the proposed "Energy Independence Act of 1975," together with the administration's business tax "reforms," include these benefits for the utilities:

Speedier rate increases: State regulatory commissions would have only five months to study utilities' proposed rate increases before the boost went into effect automatically. For ill-staffed state commissions, some of which are only now emerging from their traditional role as rubber stamps for the utilities, this provision creates new pressure to approve increases without adequate hearings—or simply to let the applications slip by.

Charge now; sell later: Under Section 707 of the "Energy Independence Act of 1975," utilities could include incompleted power plants that have yet to produce electricity in the "rate base" on which they charge customers. This "Construction Work in Progress" provision would permit utilities to bill today's customers for tomorrow's electrical power.

Tax breaks for tax dodgers: The administration's proposed corporate tax reductions include $500 million of tax breaks for the electric utilities. The plan boosts the investment tax credit to 12 per cent from 10 per cent, grants concessions on depreciation and pollution control write-offs, and allows shareholders to defer taxes on utility dividends if these are reinvested in new-issue common stock. But, as Sen. Lee Metcalf (D., Mont.) has pointed out, most of the large utilities are paying little or no federal taxes anyway—Con Ed, for example, hasn't paid any since 1969—and the only effect of the administration's proposals would be to allow the companies to carry forward their tax credits for years to come.

Testifying before the House Ways and Means Committee on July 8, Treasury Secretary William Simon acknowledged with characteristic forthrightness that the administration program amounts to "a cash contribution by the federal government for the construction of additional electric power plants." It is a plan to make all consumers and taxpayers investors in the private power industry (but without allowing them any return on their investments) by socializing part of the cost of the utilities' capital investment and also the costs of making the industry attractive to private investors.

Defenders of private power have always argued that public power systems compel the taxpayers to pay a variety of invisible costs buried in local government budgets. As Carol Loomis writes in the March 1975 *Fortune*:

> There is, in fact, no evidence indicating that public power would benefit consumers as a whole. In truth, the main effect of public power is to obscure costs—i.e., because public utilities finance with bonds that are tax-exempt and escape certain taxes that the private utilities pay, they charge consumers less than the full cost of the product.

But the effect of the Ford administration's proposals is precisely to obscure the costs of bailing out the private power industry without offering it a direct federal handout. It's time for Congress to request that the General Accounting Office compute the probable cost, in higher electric rates and uncollected federal taxes, of giving the private power industry the wherewithal to prove that free enterprise can still generate electricity. □

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One of a series of reports on the first hundred years of the telephone.

The Bell System didn't just happen. It was planned, right from the start.

Thanks to Alexander Graham Bell, all nations have telephones. Thanks to Theodore Newton Vail, the United States has the world's best telephone system.

Alexander Graham Bell

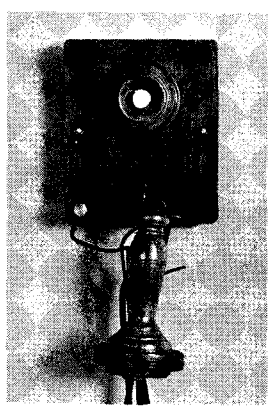
Theodore Newton Vail was the first General Manager of the Bell Telephone Company. He was hired in 1878, when the telephone was two years old, and 10,755 sets were in service, most of them in the Northeast. His vision of what the new invention could become equaled Bell's own.

Both men saw that the success of the infant telephone industry depended on offering customers an integrated nationwide telephone system. The goal, as Vail later phrased it, was "one policy, one system, universal service." "The strength of the Bell System," he wrote, "lies in this universality."

Vail's economic insight was remarkable for his day. He was managing a new kind of enterprise, one of the first of what we now call technological industries. He saw that technology gave birth to the telephone, and that technology also imposed new requirements on the managers of the business. Manufacturing telephones required a large commitment

Theodore Newton Vail

of capital, for specialized factories. Improving the telephone required coordination of research efforts, plus more capital for laboratories. Marketing the telephone successfully required reasonable assurance that supply and demand would keep pace with each other. Vail realized that the only way those requirements could be met was for management to plan every step of the enterprise, from sources of supply to customer orders.



Vail's ability to plan turned Bell's invention into the best telephone system in the world.

Contrast the case of the manager of a simpler business—a small bakery, for instance. The manager has great freedom. If cake doesn't sell, he can bake bread. If white bread doesn't sell, he can bake rye. There is no need to commit large sums of capital, since the same ovens serve for all three products. No research effort is required, since the recipes are well known. If the price of flour goes up, the manager can raise the price of bread immediately. If demand varies, he can bake more bread or

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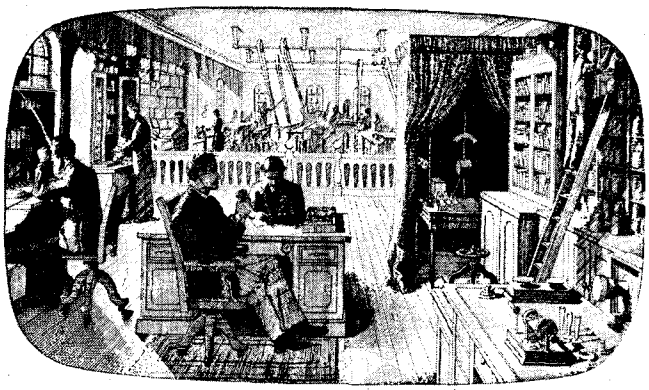

The predecessor of Bell Telephone Laboratories: the Bell company's Mechanical Department in the 1880's.

less. The technological industry, by its very nature, lacks such flexibility.

The first telephones were made in a Boston machine shop. Demand soon outstripped capacity, and firms in several cities were licensed to make sets under the Bell patents. Vail wanted closer integration of manufacture, to assure the company's service objectives. In 1881, the Bell company acquired controlling interest in the Western Electric Company of Chicago, and in 1882, made that company the manufacturer of Bell equipment.

This arrangement was desirable for a number of technical reasons: quality, reliability, standardization. Vail also had a strong managerial reason. The Bell company's business was providing telephone *service*. Success depended on having a dependable supply of quality equipment needed for the service, at a reasonable cost. By integrating manufacturing within the Bell company, Vail took a long step toward that goal.

At this point the groundwork was laid for a nationwide network. In 1884 the first Boston to New York line proved that commercial long distance telephony was possible—and profitable. Vail and his associates organized an additional company, whose corporate charter put Vail's dream in black and white. Its business was to be "constructing, buying, owning, leasing or otherwise obtaining, lines...and equipment, using, operating or otherwise maintaining, the same....The lines of this association...will connect one or more points in each and every city, town or place, in...the United States, Canada and Mexico, and also by cable and other appropriate means with the rest of the known world...."

Despite all the progress made, Vail saw a basic threat to the industry. Although it was growing, the quality of the service it provided was deteriorating. Some of the earliest equipment needed to be replaced. Rapid expansion was causing growing pains. Vail knew these service problems must be dealt with. But the Boston financiers who determined company policy felt their primary duty was to maximize profit for investors. The financiers represented the thinking of the day; once again Vail's ideas were decades ahead of his time. In 1887, Vail felt compelled to resign. For the next twenty years, he followed telephone developments as an interested outsider.

In 1893 and 1894, the Bell telephone patents expired. New telephone companies sprang up almost overnight, many of them in cities already served by Bell companies. Since the wires of the new companies did not connect with Bell wires, their subscribers could not talk with Bell subscribers. In order to be in touch with all the telephones in town, stores and offices had to have two telephones. That meant two directories, two sets of wires—and two bills. Nevertheless, demand for all telephones was soaring.

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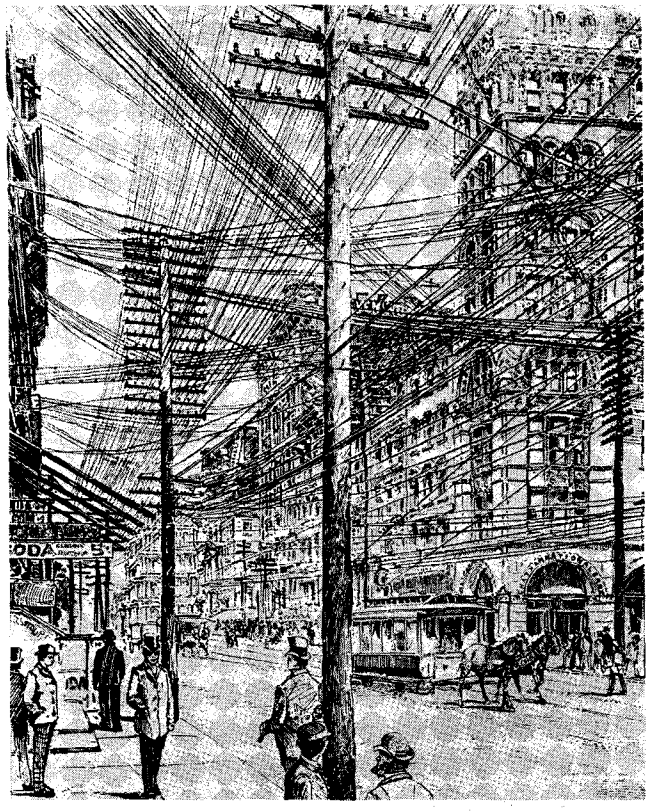

Broadway and John Street, New York City, 1890. Vail succeeded in getting the city's wires put underground.

The new companies grew, the Bell affiliated companies grew, the confusion grew.

Growth brought financial problems. Earnings, handsome as they were, were insufficient to finance such rapid expansion. (The telephone industry is a capital intensive industry.) Bell management borrowed more and more money from big banks. By 1907, lenders were getting hard to find. Then came the Panic of 1907. To protect their interests, the bankers demanded that telephone management invite Vail back to run things. Vail accepted the invitation. That year there were 3,132,000 Bell telephones in service.

Vail's return to command restored the financial community's confidence in the Bell company, so towering was the reputation he had built. Improving the quality of the service was his first concern. He made sure that concern was understood by Bell people throughout the land. Thanks to their efforts, and investment in needed equipment, service improved.

Further improvement depended on improving telephone technology. Research was going on in various parts of the company, in various cities. To encourage better planning and coordination, Vail unified the research effort. And he directed the researchers to examine at once a new device, the audion tube invented by Dr. Lee De Forest. Working with De Forest, telephone researchers developed the vacuum tube electronic amplifier, which greatly extended the range of long distance service, and led in time to commercial radio and television.

Duplicate telephone companies in various towns were incompatible with good service. Waterworks and electric companies were recognized as "public utilities," granted exclusive franchises for geographical areas. Vail believed that same reasoning applied to the telephone industry. He set out to eliminate the duplication by buying out the rival companies where that was possible, or selling out to them in some towns if that was the only way. In 1913, as a step toward universal service, he agreed to allow the independent (non-Bell) companies to use the Bell long distance lines.

Now Vail could speak confidently of a *telephone system* rather than a large number of isolated, unconnected telephone companies. He was the first to use the phrase "Bell System." He could look to the day when telephone service would be well within the means of the average American. And that gave him the final element in his planning: he could make long-range estimates of the needs of his customers.

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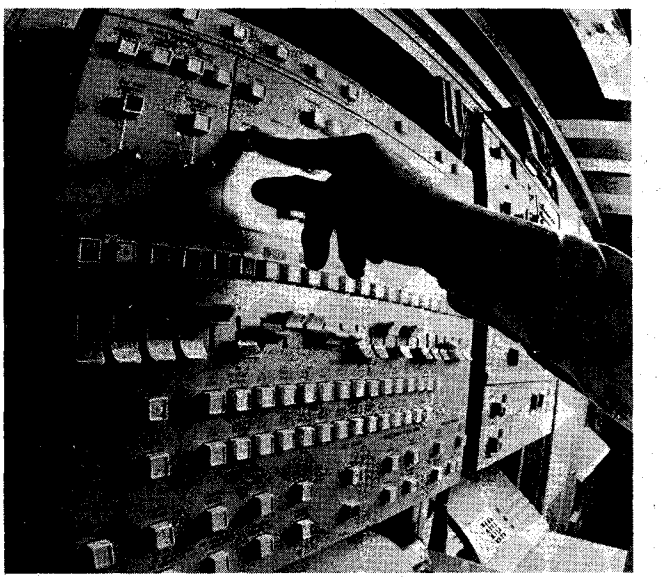
The chain was complete: research and development, an efficient source of supply in the Western Electric Company and total responsibility for installation, maintenance and repair in the local companies.

Because Vail could plan in this way, the company could invest the necessary millions in equipment for current needs, and in research for predictable future growth.

The Bell System continues today in the pattern Vail set. Not as a matter of tradition, but because the concept works. We are planning today American telephone service for the 21st Century. Western Electric and the associated Bell Companies are installing new electronic switching systems nationwide, which make possible many additional telephone services. Scientists and engineers at Bell Laboratories, birthplace of the first electrical digital computer and the transistor, are working now on new technology to transmit telephone calls on a beam of light, to handle calling volumes expected by the year 2000.

Research, manufacturing, operations —one Bell System, a planned approach that works. Efficiency and productivity are well ahead of the average for all other



Electronic switching systems, a thousand times faster than the equipment they replace, are now being installed across the nation.

industries, the system is the best in the world. There are two tests you can make yourself to see if the Bell System really works: Compare telephone prices to the price of almost anything else over the past twenty-five years. Long distance service is one of the few things that have hardly gone up at all. Other telephone services have gone up far less than the price of almost anything else you buy. The economics of a planned telephone system have surely been to the customer's benefit. What about the service? Well, just pick up your telephone. Call any number in the United States.

The best telephone system in the world didn't just happen. It was planned that way.

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Bell System

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Pier Paolo Pasolini: Who Killed the Poet?

EDITH SCHLOSS

Rome

When on November 2 a Roman family arrived to spend Sunday in their shack on the run-down part of the beach at Ostia, they were annoyed to find what they thought was a bag of garbage outside it. But when they came to remove it, they saw it was a body. Mouth in the sand, mangled, bloody, it was all that was left of Pier Paolo Pasolini.

All Rome was shaken by the news. On the squares, in the streets and alleys, in stores and cafés, people stood in knots to discuss it. The man and his life, his keen, intelligent face, his wiry frame, had been familiar to everyone. Known abroad as the film director, here he was chiefly the poet, the writer and controversial figure, an unusually outspoken dissident.

Articles—attacks as well as tributes—were published in newspapers and magazines throughout the country, colleagues and friends praising his lucid mind and his gentleness. But conjecture about the circumstances of his murder is still as clamorous as on the day of its discovery; there is much confusion as to motives for the crime and the measures being taken to solve it.

Like his death, Pasolini's life had been full of complexities. He was born in Northern Italy in 1922, his father an army officer, his mother a schoolteacher. One of his earliest shocks was the execution of his 20-year-old brother as a partisan. This death and his father's absence as prisoner of war left him with his mother in Casarsa, her native village. There, after receiving a doctorate in literature, Pasolini began to teach school. In the climate of fresh hope raised by the Resistance, the Communist Party was one of the most vital in Italy and Pasolini became a sympathizer. When he came to Rome in 1949, he had already published several volumes of poems, but two more, printed after his arrival there, created a stir because they were written in Friulano, his native dialect, something until then unheard of.

Footloose and often hungry in those years, Pasolini got to know the outskirts of Rome, where casual settlements of shacks and small houses, called "Borgate," had been built illegally on empty lots by rural families who had come to the city after the war in search of work. For Pasolini, the raw existence of the dispossessed, their misery, ignorance and down-to-earth sagacity, was a moral challenge to the values of the surfeited middle class he despised.

He came to know, close up, the condition of those who had nothing to lose. The promiscuous kids of the Borgate were the subject of his first novel, *Ragazzi di Vita*, which came out in 1955. It was a scandal. The theme was scurrilous and the traditional literary language had been reduced to basic sentences which, like the everyday speech of the protagonists, were punctuated by vividly descriptive curses. The writer was at once tried for, but not convicted of, obscenity. In 1959 he published another novel on the low life, *Una Vita Violenta*. After this came three volumes of poems, also unusual because in them, according to Moravia, "He paired decadent modern poetry with socialist utopia . . ." and thus "for the first time in the history of Italian literature . . . made something absolutely new: a secular poetry of the Left."

Around this time Pasolini began to write movie scripts. One of them, for Bertolucci's first film, *Commare Secca*, described the last day of a prostitute as seen and told by several men who had known and used her; another, for Bolognini's *Una Giornata Balorda* (called *From a Roman Balcony* in America), was about a very young man from the outskirts who meets up with several typical adventures in the center of Rome while looking for work to feed his family.

Then in 1961, Pasolini came into his own as a film maker by writing and directing *Accatone*. It crystallized his view of the Borgate. Perhaps his best film, it tells a seemingly austere and factual story that is charged with lyricism. Blow by blow, in neat images, it describes the habits, humor, loves and death of a group of boys.

This was followed by *Mamma Roma* with Anna Magnani, still about the poor of the outskirts, at the opening of which Pasolini was slapped in the face by a Fascist. In 1964 his *Gospel According to St. Matthew* presented an altogether novel approach to the life of Christ. Filmed against the eroded landscape of underdeveloped Southern Italy, and using his intellectual friends and family for actors, it won prizes for Pasolini and aroused an unusual amount of controversy.

Even the later spectaculars, now known to a worldwide public, which Pasolini produced one after another, always harbored a disturbing element at their core, something jarring that made you see the commonplace in a new light. The last film, to be presented posthumously, is called: *Salo: The 120 Days of Sodom*; it is a ferocious allegory on the days of fascism in Italy.

In the last decade Pasolini became an eminent polemicist. His articles in *Corriere della Sera* and other papers, written with harsh sincerity, provoked a clamor. "This uncomfortable witness forced our conscience to stay awake. . . . He was the last writer who was absolutely free," wrote Cesare Lanza (*Il Mondo*, November 13).

A 1968 article roused a furore on the Left because in it he pointed out that the revolutionary students were middle class while the policemen they reviled were the sons of the poor. In his last article in the *Corriere della Sera*, discussing some unusually revolting crimes committed by teenagers from rightist middle-class backgrounds, he also expressed his disillusionment with the young of the Borgate: "The underprivileged . . . have been perverted by the values of consumer society . . . which has cynically destroyed the 'real' world, transforming it into total unreality." This, he said, was the cause of the spreading of violence and he proposed as the only way to stop it the abolition of state television and the closing of high schools. He promised next to expose the manipulators of power.

A voice like Pasolini's was specially remarkable in an Italy that in many ways is still tradition-bound and circumspect. Now he is being compared to Rimbaud, to Lorca, but he also shares some traits with writers in America, where nonconformism in literature is less rare. It is no accident that he is of the same generation as Ginsberg and Kerouac. The whole intellectual establishment in Italy, especially after the elections of last June 15, is left wing, but Pasolini was always close to the Communist Party, though he was never a member. He was too independent a man to follow any party line.

And as his public life was full of contradictions, so was his private life. His homosexuality helped him, or damned him, to see society without its trimmings, making the outcast of one world seek the outcasts of another. It was also, paradoxically, the expression of a Catholic morality, seeking redemption through abasement.

This side of Pasolini is described by Oriana Fallaci in a letter to her dead friend

Edith Schloss, an American painter living in Rome, writes art criticism for the International Herald Tribune. *Her work is shown frequently by the Ingber Art Gallery in New York.*

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(*Europea*, November 13), one of the most chilling and charitable analyses ever written on the subject. But her emphasis is on other things: "It was you who taught me that one must be sincere at the cost of seeming mean, honest at the cost of appearing cruel, and to be always courageous in saying what one believes . . . what a courageous man! I do not speak of your moral courage . . . that made you write in defiance of incomprehension, vendettas and insults. . . . I speak of your physical courage. You had to have a lot of guts to have dealings with that muck . . . the guts of the early Christians who entered the Colosseum to get themselves mauled by the lions. . . ." Pasolini was mauled by the boys from his own Borgate.

On the evening of November 1, after dining with Ninetto Davoli and his family (Davoli is a young man from the outskirts whom Pasolini had turned into an actor and who became one of his closest friends), Pasolini went off in his car. Near the railroad station he invited a 17-year-old to take a ride with him. Whether or not they knew each other has not been clarified. Pino Pelosi, a typical boy of the slums, handsome, not too bright, but street crafty, had tried his hand as a baker's boy and as café assistant, before becoming a small-time thief who hung out in bars. Pasolini took him off for a meal, and was seen asking him questions in a trattoria just before closing time. At 12:15 he and the boy were last seen together when they gassed up the car at an automatic filling station on the road to Ostia. When, at 1:15 the police stopped a speeding car near the beach at Ostia they found a minor at the wheel. The police guessed the car was stolen and later found out it was Pasolini's. While being interrogated, Pelosi kept mumbling something about a ring dear to him which he had lost.

When at dawn near the nondescript settlement of shacks and a soccer field—a prosaic setting like those of his first movies—Pasolini's body was found, beaten, his heart crushed by tires, Pelosi's ring lay next to it. He said he was the murderer.

That that is the whole story is far from clear today. Italian state television on the same day broadcast Pelosi's crude "confession," sparing its millions of subscribers no juicy detail. The homosexual aspects of Pasolini's life and death were dwelt on exclusively—perhaps in retaliation for his recent condemnation of TV—and also so that the whole affair could be shrugged off as just another typical end of a queer. At any rate, the disclosures have prejudiced judicial procedure, in the same way that in 1970 premature disclosures muddied the case of Valpreda, an anarchist accused of setting off a bomb in Piazza Fontana, Milan, the only witness being a taxi driver who later died under mysterious circumstances. Valpreda spent several years in jail awaiting trial, while later clues appeared to implicate two Fascists who were never brought to trial.

Who killed Pasolini? Could one lightweight kid knock unconscious a man who was known to be athletic and in good trim and then run him over twice with his own car to finish him off? Or was he used as bait by others? (A reporter claimed to have been told by eyewitnesses that they had seen two other boys, but up to now these eyewitnesses have kept themselves hidden.) Was it a terrorist murder—in revenge, perhaps, for the recent shooting of a young Fascist? Or was Pasolini, because of his inquiries into the mechanics of male prostitution, killed by pimps? Or was it for money or for drugs? To date, it is as murky as the Feltrinelli case.

Pasolini's bier was carried by young actors, friends and a famous film maker. It was followed not only by film people and the whole intellectual community of Rome but by students, workmen and employees, young and old. A flock of migratory birds chirped loudly from plane trees, but the crowd was silent. A girl held up a sign on which she had written, "We will not let them kill poets." Finally the coffin was brought to Campo dei Fiori, the old marketplace where 375 years ago another man of integrity, Giordano Bruno, had left his burnt body. And there, under the darkening sky, Moravia spoke his last farewell to his friend: "A man with a face has been eliminated by the faceless." □

Poet of Stones and Fields

SOMEWHERE IS SUCH A KINGDOM: Poems, 1952-1971. *By Geoffrey Hill. Introduction by Harold Bloom. Houghton Mifflin Co. 160 pp. $6.95. Paper $3.95.*

DONALD HALL

English poetry in the 20th century is Thomas Hardy, D. H. Lawrence and Geoffrey Hill. When in the future flustered doctoral candidates confuse Auden with Austin, when Larkin becomes a small figure in the shadow of Hardy, when we no longer condescend to Irishmen and Scots by calling them English, Geoffrey Hill will remain the monumental English poet of the latter 20th century.

Monumental he is, and marmoreal as well. In recent months he has published devotional sonnets in English magazines. *Devotional sonnets*? Yes, and they have a weight, a serious sonority, unlike other English poems since the 17th century.

If he were an American poet, he would be unspeakably bad. Fortunately he is English. Only by acknowledging the separateness of English and American literature—like the continents they may drift slowly, but like the continents, there is an ocean between—can we begin to read Geoffrey Hill.

It is ironic that American poets pointed Hill in the direction of his Englishness. He began to write in the late 1940s and early 1950s, a bad patch in English poetry. He may have learned something from Dylan Thomas. He loved the mellifluousness, scored into "Genesis," which he has come to detest: It's no matter; we all hate our early poems, and we hate most the ones which were praised the most; those are the poems about which we heard the words we dreamed we would hear, and therefore we despise the poems—and probably the people who spoke the words.

He learned more from the fierce con-

Donald Hall is a poet, teacher and critic. His most recent book of verse is The Town of Hill.

DOUBLE SPACES

What are those tributaries running down my skin?
Rio Miedo. Rio Dolor. Malodorous rivers,
old, broad planed, geographies of fear.
None of those double spaces, racers and watchers
at the track. I don't wear a poisonous cap,
the visor poised for vague catastrophes.
No blue colts, mustang suns to mount
like a jockey. I am almost plain and fail
at an ordinary rate, laying in wait to eat my leg
to a bloody stump. I want to die on the run
like anyone.

Colette Inez

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trol of Allen Tate; from Tate above all —an American performing to Mr. Eliot's reading list.

Perhaps Americans of Geoffrey Hill's age, reacting against their fathers, have found it difficult to read poems by this Englishman for whom Tate was not a father but an exotic alien, in love with dangerous syllables and rugged syntax.

Still, the tardiness of American response is sordid. When *For the Unfallen* appeared in England sixteen years ago, Dufour Editions imported some copies; I never saw it in a bookstore. For two decades, Hill has been the subject of a small cult in this country, probably about the size of Manson's family. At last Houghton Mifflin has published this assemblage of Hill's three English books: after *For the Unfallen* came *King Log* and most recently *Mercian Hymns*; together they make *Somewhere Is Such a Kingdom*.

Bound up with them, alas, is an introduction by Harold Bloom. It is as if the publisher, guilty about the Promethean gift of a great poet to American readers, at the last moment decided to erect a barrier. Houghton Mifflin might as well have electrified the entire edition. Attempting to read Geoffrey Hill through the fog of Harold Bloom is like attending a Matisse exhibition wearing mud-colored Foster Grants. Bloom admires Hill because Hill is difficult. Bloom's name on the jacket will turn a thousand readers away. *Please* don't turn away because of Bloom. Buy the book, read Hill, and ignore Bloom. Better still, tear the introduction out of the book and return it to Houghton Mifflin.

Geoffrey Hill began writing poems in his native village in the south of England, walking in the fields and grumbling vowels at the stones. After a few years at Oxford, he headed north for a job teaching at Leeds, vastly separated from cozy London and the literary life. The best contemporary English poets after Hill live in a village outside Bristol, in Hull, in a Yorkshire town, in Cornwall and Devon, in Texas, in California. The virtues of a capital have been wrecked by the vices of chumminess. Capital cities are no longer useful to poets; capital cities belong to capitalism.

Hill writes packed, balanced sentences. No one makes a tighter line, or, in the prose poems of *Mercian Hymns*, a sentence more dense with variety, or more unified by strenuous syntax.

Early Hill is "beautiful," by which I mean that it can be ingratiating. I may as well quote from "Genesis," which is the one poem of Hill's which people remember, if they remember one poem by Hill.

And by Christ's blood are men made free
Though in close shrouds their bodies lie
Under the rough pelt of the sea;

One is permitted, I think, to suspect that the young poet cares less about Christ's blood than he cares for the sound "Christ's blood" makes: the rhythmical figure of the first two lines—a softer pair of syllables, followed by a louder pair—almost repeats itself in the third line; but no, there is a medial inversion turning on "pelt," causing a splendid pause between "rough" and "pelt," which is the holiday our tongue always longed for.

In slightly later work, Hill plays more obviously with syntax, or with the relationship of line to syntax, than he does with sound; sound is there, brilliantly there, but it calls no attention to itself. Here Hill taxes Orpheus, poet as Narcissus (from "Orpheus and Eurydice"):

Love goes, carrying compassion
To the rawly difficult;
His countenance, his hands' motion,
Serene even to a fault.

". . . a fault" indeed. Later still, the verse is more crabbed, and the meditation similar in its ambivalence. He continues his assault on the controlling and verbal mind (from "Three Baroque Meditations"):

Do words make up the majesty
Of man, and his justice
Between the stones and the void?

If they do—and they may—it goes hard with us. After the abstraction, the pain follows, more intimate now:

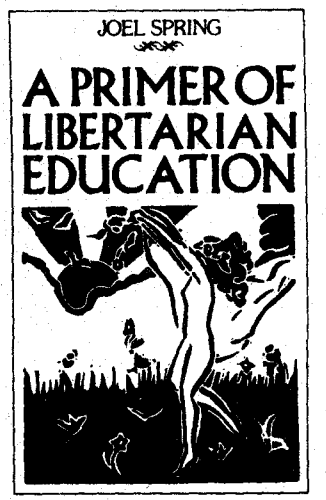
An owl plunges to its tryst
With a field-mouse in the sharp night.
My fire squeals and lies still.

Then comes the bewildering about-face of *Mercian Hymns*. Reading *Somewhere Is Such a Kingdom* you move from the line of *King Log* ("My fire squeals and lies still") to the paragraph of King Offa:

King of the perennial holly-groves, the riven sandstone: overlord of the M5: architect of the historic rampart and ditch, the citadel at Tamworth, the summer hermitage in Holy Cross: guardian of the Welsh Bridge and the Iron Bridge: contractor to the desirable new estates: saltmaster: money changer: commissioner for oathes:
'I liked that,' said Offa, 'sing it again.'

Perhaps a man gifted with the English line, whose greatest skill is to break the English sentence (I paraphrase Frost) over the English line, who enjambs and meters with unmatched skill —maybe he needs to discover if he can discard the weapons he has forged for

". . . stands serenely outside the muddy stream of literature spawned by the recent wave of criticism to compulsory schooling.



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decades, and do battle with bare hands, and survive; even triumph.

"Bare hands" is exaggeration. Look at the grammatical changes rung in only the first paragraph of *Mercian Hymns*. Hill allows himself two notes, the noun and the prepositional phrase, and he finds twelve octaves between his notes.

The subject matter is similar to that of earlier work, with suffering and vanity braided together, but the sound is new, and when a poet makes a new sound, he speaks from a part of body and of soul that has been silent before. New sound extends the limits of diction; or maybe it only changes the territory delimited. No matter, the novelty (for Hill) is sufficient: anachronism allows Hill's politics to speak.

And the form of prose (with an irony frequently encountered when making poetry) allows Hill's sound to be more gorgeous than it has been since "Genesis," gorgeous without being ingratiating.

Tracks of ancient occupation. Frail ironworks rusting in the thorn-thicket. Hearthstone; charred lullabies, a solitary axe-blow that is the echo of a lost sound.

Tumult recedes as though into the long rain. Groves of legendary holly; silverdark the ridged gleam.

Intone this to the fields of England, and the stones will rise and follow you. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

To be proficient in the craft, the actor must have more or less steady occasion to practice it. Sometime appearances on or off Broadway, a soap opera, a shot in the dark of cinema, a summer stock engagement, a TV commercial, may provide a livelihood for the actor; it will hardly extend a capacity for acting on the stage.

The actor must of course earn a living; the shrinkage in stage production for at least the past thirty-five years has made the possibility of doing so extremely precarious. Apart from musicals, very few productions are undertaken here, most of our plays being imports from London performed by their original casts. Off-Broadway production has become as commercially hazardous as the large-scale enterprises. The result is an artistic as well as economic crisis. And while I am chiefly concerned with the first, it is imperative to begin with the statistics of the second. But, as we shall see, something even more fundamental is involved —a social and cultural condition crucial to the whole.

I return now to the question I raised here (*The Nation*, November 15): why in recent years has the quality of acting become impoverished? The obvious answer is that our most notable talents (among the men, at any rate)—Marlon Brando, Paul Newman, Al Pacino, Dustin Hoffman, Jack Nicholson and others —abandon the theatre soon after their abilities have been recognized in New York. That is easily explained: there are too few worthy scripts to provide continuous employment, the stage offers only limited "exposure" and as good Americans our actors must not only be well off, but very well off.

But this plausible explanation does not go to the heart of the matter. There might be almost enough plays of, let us say, modest merit, to offer desirable acting opportunities for players who have not yet achieved "names." But producers and their backers demand "stars" to protect their investment, although the truth is that there are today fewer than ten actors who can by their attractiveness or renown sustain a play that doesn't in itself interest an audience. This fact is generally overlooked by the folk responsible for New York play production because most of them are dilettantes, amateurs or nervous speculators rather than knowledgeable and committed theatre people. They are rarely able to judge a script.

In the aforementioned column I suggested that for the younger actors there has been an overemphasis on one or the other aspect of the craft of acting: the so-called emotive or the so-called technical. In the first instance, acting often becomes self-indulgent personal effusion without consideration for interpreting the inherent content of the script, of style and of external skills. In reaction to this, a system of training is often pursued which takes for granted acting talent (the faculty of embodying total human behavior within the artifices of the stage) so that the stage aspirant need only be perfected as an instrument in movement (including dance) and speech (in addition to singing) with grace, clarity and volume of articulation. But to separate these elements is to think of the body without a soul or vice versa. Even the Japanese teachers of the No, one of the most "stylized" of theatrical modes, complain that most of their younger actors who have mastered its external forms lack inner motivation for it, so that the result is "traditional" but no longer a living art.

What brought all this most sharply to mind was seeing *A Musical Jubilee* (St. James Theatre) and remembering the Rodgers and Hart package last season. It hardly need be said that neither of those shows called for "deep emotion." The voices in both instances ranged from fair to very good; the actors were certainly engaging—Tammy Grimes in *A Musical Jubilee* brings an impish humor to everything she does—but there was something of inert window display in both shows. The spirit which had originally brought those very winning songs into being, the animating motive, the period atmosphere of which they were an expression—in short, their style—was almost entirely missing in these performances. Every show—be it Wilde, Shaw, Ionesco, Beckett or *Hellzapoppin'*—must have its own special "soul" (or style) as much as Chekhov, Shakespeare or Sophocles, for they all have roots in a manner of being, a way of life. Lacking this, they leave us unstimulated, dispirited. The "nostalgia" is arid.

To venture a broad metaphorical generalization, I might say that the scores of most recent musicals are usually their weakest ingredient because there is no music in the air! And for a somewhat similar reason most acting now is quite competent—and uninspired. We are living in an era of conformity through commercial need or pressure. Adventure and direct challenge is in the making of money; if possible, a fortune. (A New York director on arriving in Hollywood observed "Actors here talk more about their contracts—options, residuals, billing—than about their parts.")

The actors up to the time of such men as Alfred Lunt and Fredric March inherited something of the "pioneer" stamina which characterized their profession from Edwin Forrest in the mid-19th century through the second decade of this one. Many of those actors were knockabouts and a little disreputable: they lived in a rather strenuously reckless manner—largely because they were obliged to. It was a rougher and a more spacious time than ours. To be an actor then was to be something of a sacred monster, an "outlaw," generally distrusted in polite circles. Now they are citizens like the rest of us, bent above all on security and success. Our progress in technological or prefabricated comfort has whittled us all down.

There is only a little extravagance in saying this. What actors today are full-grown men or women, robust, awe-inspiring personalities? John Barrymore and Laurette Taylor may have been exceptional even in their day, but I could name many of equal stature whose careers were as much brave as brilliant struggles from beginning to end. (Barrymore was as sparkling in comedy as he was magnificent in drama. The same was true of

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Taylor.) In their blemishes as well as in their powers such actors were of a dimension beyond the rather hearty audiences for whom they played. That is why they were revered. They had "muscle," they were larger than life. There was adventuresomeness in them and danger. Most of O'Neill's plays were written with such actors as his father in mind, the father of whom he disapproved as a person but whose authority as a player he thought heroic. The ideal sought after was grandeur. Actors were then tremendously virile; actresses inescapably enchanting goddesses! Today we see too many historically notable plays—classic or near classic—acted by casts which strike me as kids in knickerbockers and pinafores, parading as giants.

I am not clamoring for the snows of yesteryear, but the theatre can flourish only when it is not viewed or conducted chiefly as one business among others. Nor is it—as what I have just said might lead some to believe—a place for "wandering minstrels," though I prefer such characters to entrepreneurs on a holiday from more humdrum occupations. The theatre must exist and be thought of first of all as "a factory of thought, a prompter of conscience, an elucidator of social conduct, an armory against despair and dullness, and a temple of the Ascent of Man." That is how in 1906 Shaw put it. I think of it as a necessary, an essential organ of a community's consciousness. That is how in every civilized country it has been maintained even in periods of hardship and distress, even in times of revolution.

Today, under extremely onerous economic circumstances, the English Government supports three theatres for drama in London alone, theatres which never function at a profit. That is also one of the reasons why English dramatists have not defected, as many American playwrights do when their plays flop or are no longer held to be safe investments. (One thing that may be said with some assurance about the better English writers for the theatre is that they have not evaded but have dramatized the bitter burden of living in our day.) And almost all the best actors are ever eager to appear in their plays.

Most of our playwrights fade with failure. (The great exception was O'Neill.) Our younger playwrights are satisfied with being promising, innovative and shaggy. They rarely learn to discipline themselves, to think their problems through, to strive for genuine mastery, and their well-wishers or advocates do not constrain them to do so. The entire theatre situation is too unstable, too loose, too haste-ridden, too sloppily permissive.

The underlying ailment we suffer is only indirectly economic. Till we come to understand in practice, not just in theory, that theatre is theatre and not an adjunct of financial interests, that its values are not inevitably connected with the accountant's ledger or one's personal bank account, there can be no excitement, glamour or mature interest in the art. Even a state-subsidized theatre in the United States would at present prove of only slight benefit if what was sought were only more of the same conventional or success-oriented standard which obtains commercially or in our partially subsidized theatre institutions.

I have said all this before: it should be said thousands and thousands of times. Must everything collapse before such proclamations are heeded? □

CHRISTMAS
Art Books, 1975
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DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

Rudolf Nureyev is absolutely confounding. On November 15 he gasped, twitched and bluffed his way through the production of *Raymonda* that he staged and largely rechoreographed for American Ballet Theatre—a production, incidentally, sharing all the attributes of Nureyev's performance. That *Raymonda* seemed a double swan song—for Petipa, who served as Nureyev's sometime, ersatz model, and for Nureyev as *danseur noble*. Yet three nights later, at the opening night of a Hurok package called Fonteyn and Nureyev, he blazed through all five ballets on the program. Nureyev's resurrection and brute stamina were the most dramatic elements of the evening, but perhaps not the most significant. Each ballet on the bill was not only difficult but drew from the dancer a distinctly different technique, approach and quality of concentration. Unlike the Nureyev and Friends program of last winter, the repertory of November 1975 hinged on Nureyev in every ballet. In Maurice Béjart's *Songs of a Wayfarer*, Nureyev had the more prominent role in a *pas de deux* for men. In Murray Louis's *Moments*, Nureyev was the one soloist in a five-man cast. In both he was on stage throughout. The other three ballets he carried by default, his partner being Margot Fonteyn. And that brings me to the heroic side of Nureyev's performance. He had to contend with a ballerina who at this point has little but reputation. Looking at Nureyev's ardent eyes and upswept chest, one would have thought he was partnering the most capable, beautiful creature on earth. That stance drew attention from his hands, which were busy lifting Fonteyn from a seated position, steadying her body after turns, and acting in other custodial capacities.

Amazingly, this handicap seemed to recharge Nureyev's spirit and technique. In *Raymonda* he destroyed the concept of virtuosity (and the Petipa aesthetic) by devising insistently antiheroic male solos. Even if Nureyev's intention was to reform the simple-minded construction of Petipa-style male solos—the kind that unfolds as chunks of turns and chunks of jumps interspersed with awkward breath-retrieving walks—Nureyev's solos are too fussy and awkward in their own way to work as artistic countermeasures. Better to see a man do elementary, male-chauvinist choreography than diddle around in Nureyev's mazes. The *Corsaire pas de deux* on the later evening brought him back to the gaudy but authentic world for which he was trained. He showed off magnificently.

With Béjart's proclivity to express some sort of philosophical statement, *Songs of a Wayfarer* could be interpreted as a reading of man's different attitudes toward death, as a dance for one man split into two (with

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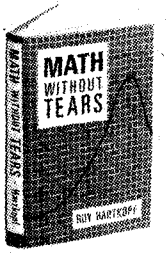

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Nureyev, in white, as the good guy and Daniel Lommel, in purple, as the bad), or as a sexy encounter between two "lookers." The latter theory was occasioned by Lommel's epicene manner, one he shares with all the men in the Béjart company from which he is on loan, but discredited by Nureyev's determination to cast hip action out of Béjart. Ironically, Nureyev could not resist putting into *Raymonda* some pelvic tilts, in the style of Martha Graham perhaps, but just as likely in the style of 42nd Street. In *Songs of a Wayfarer*, however, he could fathom the dangers of body-beautiful poses and presentation so intrinsic to the Béjart style, and was constantly on guard to make the piece as astringent as possible. What we saw was pure, beautiful technique, the exquisitely refined schooling of his Russian youth and *Corsaire pas de deux* applied to Béjart. The main dance theme in *Songs of a Wayfarer* is slow extensions of the leg forward and to the side. In the third lift the dancer must rise onto half point, hold that balance, and then fall into a deep *plié* with the legs far apart, still on half point. Requiring excellent balance and muscular control to maintain the line of body, it is the sort of phrase many would botch, especially men, who usually have much less finesse than women in sustained adagio. Béjart's passion for assigning to men movements best and more naturally suited for women accounts in large measure for the contrived, arty qualities of so much of his work. Nureyev brought integrity to Béjart through impeccable technique alone. His tautly stretched legs and insteps, the resilience of the supporting leg, the relaxed rise onto half point, accomplished by perfect placement of the torso rather than an intake of air, the utter turnout of his thighs in the big *pliés*, and the fact that he sank rather than fell into them—it all became a poetic statement about aspiration and resignation manufactured out of nothing but technique, technique, technique.

It is a measure of Nureyev's power that I am not sure whether to attribute the easy digestibility of *Songs of a Wayfarer* to Béjart or to Nureyev. My guess is that *Songs* is one of Béjart's better works, for its cast of two prevents Béjart from relying on mass movement and picturesque formations of the troops for cheap visual punch. His decision to plow against the lushness of Mahler's songs was sensible, and his concern to focus the dance in steps from the classical vocabulary rather than in quasi-Oriental signals was honest. But that this duet should be the high point of the evening was certainly Nureyev's doing.

His Armand in Frederick Ashton's *Marguerite and Armand* was another personal triumph, as well as a triumph over time. This duet, barely fleshed out with small mime roles for Armand's father, Marguerite's master, and a small entourage of sycophants, was created in 1963 as an advertisement for the Fonteyn-Nureyev combo. It was made for a young man whose first enraptured flight onto the stage was, in a way, the arrival point of the flight he had made the year before from the Soviet Union. Ashton's ballet was Nureyev's brave new world. It was also a mission to rescue Fonteyn, who in 1963 was a middle-aged dancer on the brink of retirement. Twelve years later, the implicit grimness of that side of the story is grotesquely explicit. Yet Nureyev still convinces us that Ashton's ballet and Marguerite herself hold instant nirvana for him. Unlike *Songs of a Wayfarer* and *Moments*, Nureyev makes us believe in what he's doing through personal charm and will. But even in a star vehicle such as *Marguerite and Armand*, technique was the chief means by which Nureyev convinced us of his ecstasy and agony, and his youth. His line in arabesque was perfect enough to withstand severe elongation and headlong plunges into the next phrase, his balances secure enough to support their drawn-out time spans, the turns crisp enough to stand for the mercurial side of Armand's character. Finally, his impetuous momentum was sufficient to place his beloved into a hazy background cushioned by yards and yards of Cecil Beaton gowns.

Only in *Moments*, to the Ravel quartet, did Nureyev lose total command of the stage, but that was largely because his colleagues, from the Murray Louis Company, were naturally more attuned to the specialized demands of Louis's choreography. In *Moments* the dancers must move in space with enough weight to displace air, yet with a lightness suggesting an atmosphere of bubbles. Body parts are delicately dissected so that an action in the knee, say, can set off a tiny chain reaction in the neck, or another dancer's neck. Relatively speaking, Nureyev did not quite catch the middle ground between weighted gesture and Ping-Ponging weightlessness, and although he danced through his fingers, his body is not yet articulate enough to move through the fingertips. Still, for a ballet dancer to attempt such idiosyncratic choreography from the "other side" is courageous and interesting, if only because it more clearly reveals the insides of the technique he is grappling with. In any case, Nureyev was good enough to convey *Moments*' faun-like qualities.

A program without a masterpiece (or first-rate work, for that matter) or an obvious centerpiece cannot fall into a

SADAKO

The day the sparrows move south
The wind east

We will not see each other
Field workers gather like a bush
Of fog in the Westside
And those sleeping in the Mission unfold like chairs

Daybreak
The cloth awnings spread from store fronts
Chickens gutted and noosed on poles
In the unlighted butcher shops

Where a door opens for business the cold enters
With a little purse of dust
Where the cafe streams a bus driver runs
A knife across his plate

Dusk and what follows is this
The streetlights wink on
The newspapers porched and a woman stoops over
Her dress raising like an eyelid
To the night

The sparrows move south with their eyes closed
The wind east

We will not see each other

Gary Soto

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naturally rational order. The sequence of ballets on opening night seemed to be determined by Fonteyn's need for rest periods. Certainly Ashton's flimsy *Amazon Forest pas de deux*, which he made for Fonteyn this past summer, was no way to end the program. Out of necessity, Ashton had to function as clothier rather than choreographer, and although he shielded Fonteyn and the audience from the act of dancing, Fonteyn at this stage is her own best choreographer. (I am referring to her "version" of the *Corsaire* duet which, amazingly, brought forth the cleanest execution and surest presence.) Nor is canned music, for *Songs of a Wayfarer* and *Moments*, a decent way for the Hurok organization to present celebrated dancers at *very* steep prices. Considering the tacky and grim aspects of the endeavor, it was all the more incredible that Nureyev could keep spurting vital juices into the Uris Theatre. He blinded the audience with his brilliance. He deserves more than *having* to blind us. □

ICE FISHING

There are holes cut in the lake,
a pocked face. All night
people sit by fires, staring at black

water as if faces would rise
to the surface. There are no fish
here, only a few people who skated

until the ice stretched thin as a lip.
Every year the water sends out
its flat palm; every year skaters

circle the lake in dark constellations.
They think there is no sleep
like frozen sleep; they could float

forever, breathing quietly under
ice, watching the moon go down
through glass. One summer

a skate surfaced on the beach
like a grounded shark, its teeth
ruined and dull with rust. Tonight

the only sound is the turning of skaters
under the ice, as if heat and light
could help them spawn backwards

into life; as if the men fishing could
coax them into opening their mouths.

Julie Mishkin

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has opened ten galleries of Islamic art, a permanent installation based on the museum's remarkably strong holdings. It is an exhibition that demonstrates the cultural richness of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries. The show is planned to evoke the lineaments behind the ravishing objects on view. The extraordinary value of Islamic art is its large-scale splendor, the great exterior walls and interior domes and ceilings, animated by tidal patterns of calligraphic, geometric and floral ornament. In the absence of architecture, the Metropolitan has aimed to symbolize the form-sense of Islamic artists by a scenic display.

At one point in the show there is what an explanatory label calls a "vignette." It turns out to be cluster of objects with common stylistic features, consisting of a capital, a pair of doors, a prayer mat and two wall panels (casts). They are placed formally, like a frontispiece, so that the disparate objects succumb to a sense of relationship. More fully environmental is a room from a house in Damascus, with a fountain in the marble floor, niches carrying ceramics and stained glass high up under the rich ceiling. Underlying the whole installation is what might be called *The Imaginary Mosque*. The show aims to evoke a homogeneous aesthetic. One conspicuous element of this is the arabesque that unites bowls, carpets and illuminated manuscripts produced centuries apart.

The objects build up a general picture of the form-sense of the widely diffused Islamic culture. The objects simulate the culture that produced them. The method works well for introductory programs on subjects fairly remote from public understanding. Both conditions apply here, so we have a mosaic of vivid artifacts and a culture implied as a graspable whole. However, that a persistent level of generalization attaches to this approach can be suggested by a comparison. It is as if an Arab museum were to make a "vignette" of the Italian Renaissance by means of a courtly cassone, a monkish illumination, predella panels from an altarpiece and a set of majolica plates. Under the right conditions of lighting and placement the visitor could get the impression of a period summarized. It is decor for education and, as such, well carried out at the Metropolitan.

If the sense of cultural unity, is basically a fiction, it is nonetheless a real pleasure compared to the pomposities of the Lehmann rooms recently opened at the Met. The Islamic galleries are dense with exquisite objects and if their task is to typify style, at least this is a tolerable abstraction compared to the themes of personal property and vanity implied in the Lehmann collection. (Islamic Art is handsomely presented, except for a sudden shock in Gallery 4C, where overhead lights are glaringly reflected in glass set at 45 degrees above a series of pages from the Koran.)

Al Leslie has been a stylistically mobile artist, whose jumps have been cued by the acts of others. First, in the late 1950s, he was one of de Kooning's followers, gestural and splashy. Then when de Kooning and Barnett Newman established a détente, Leslie's paintings acquired fragments of straight lines, as if he were cutting Newman's continuous band into lengths for medal ribbons. After Pop art arrived he had a pinup phase, in which large, half-painted figures assimilated patches of fruity still-life collage. Then, after the acceptance of Philip Pearlstein and Alex Katz, Leslie turned to realist portraiture. The problem is this: are Leslie's traveling days over, is his realism the real thing? Or is the real thing for Leslie the posture of obedience before current style?

Leslie's recent work is at the Frumkin Gallery (new premises, 30 West 57th Street) and according to the artist what he wants is an art like that of "David, Caravaggio and Rubens." The predominant impression of his paintings is of sculpturesque solids modeled with strong sidelights. The pictures are unrelievedly melodramatic, so that his figures stick out like clenched knuckles from a hot flush of background brown. Rubens's copy (National Gallery of Canada) of Caravaggio's "Entombment of Christ" (The Vatican Museum) presumably shows what Leslie has in mind, but all he manages is a pastiche of Tenebrism.

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Actually Leslie's claim on art history is no less a caricature than his drawing, which secures the over life-size figures only by an insistent continuity of line that makes everything wooden. His portraiture does not exclude side trips into figure composition, such as "The Killing of Frank O'Hara 1966." In it the Abstract Expressionist criterion of impact (either in size or color intensity) is translated into a labored, popeyed iconography. It is another reason for thinking that Leslie the realist is the same old Leslie.

William Fares's paintings (Rosa Esman Gallery, until December 6) propose a reconciliation of two properties usually seen apart. They are systematic in structure but highly physical in paint texture. Geometric images in art tend to be linear and smooth-skinned, diagrams of conceptual order rather than of substantial presence. On the other hand, thick paint layers are usually associated with nongeometric paint surfaces. Fares unites linear structure with physically evident facture. His geometry is not related to the formal planning of the picture but divulges the process by which it was made. His halved forms and right-angled triangles are descriptive.

He paints with layers of color on a latex base that enables him to peel segments off the ground and fold or cut them. Working in from the outer edges in this way he subdivides the picture, combining linear sections and partial flaying. In fact, the flaying is an act of exposition which makes the geometry into a record of process, not an emblem of order. Instead of the golden section we get a reminiscence of strata. At present his color seems indeterminate, not a part of the taut interplay of layered paint and geometric image, but no doubt the logic of his working method will soon take on hue. □

FILMS / David Hamilton

You can't miss the fact that *The Magic Flute* is a film by Ingmar Bergman: those Nordic types, the Swedish language, the mesmerized close-ups all make it easy enough, and the elaborate counterpoising of "real life" against play-within-a-film, pouring on weight without clear significance, clinches it. We start with sunset outside the theatre (the 18th-century opera house at Drottningholm near Stockholm), and during the overture watch members of the audience—evidently a theatre party from UNESCO, with Mozart's image slipped in at a structurally important point. We don't ever see the orchestra or the conductor, however—a welcome change from the opera films starring Herr von Karajan's transfigured visage, but a curious suppression of opera-house reality.

Elsewhere, opera-house reality is much in evidence: when the curtain goes up, the 18th-century drops and borders are palpable, and though the action moves into locations that must exceed this framework, the transitions are unobtrusive. And we are taken backstage, not only for an intermission tour (Pamina and Tamino playing chess, Sarastro studying a score) but also for little vignettes during the opera. Everyone retains his essential stage character at all times (Papageno nearly late for his entrance, the Queen of the Night smoking in front of a no-smoking sign), no matter how close the scrutiny of the camera, so this is not any conventional onstage-offstage contrast. Rather, it is as if these are "real" fairy-tale people, who happen to live out their tale in the Drottningholm theatre (although, as we learn too well from all those close-ups, they also visit the dentist fairly often).

The story they are living is not quite the one that Emanuel Schikaneder (and, possibly, Carl Ludwig Giesecke) provided for Mozart's opera. I won't spill any more ink here about the fabled inconsistencies of the original libretto, which in any case have never troubled me greatly in the theatre. Bergman has jettisoned nearly all of the Masonic symbolism (although Sarastro still arrives in a chariot drawn by lions, and of course the motif of threes in the music could hardly be expunged), and turned the brotherhood of Isis and Osiris into something more like the Knights of the Grail: Sarastro is seen studying a score of *Parsifal* during the intermission, and in a Bergman film you can bet that's no coincidence. This frame of reference is strengthened by a Last Supper seating of the priests' conclave, and of course all the Egyptian references in the text have been lost in the course of the Swedish translation. At another level, Sarastro is made into Pamina's father, estranged from her mother, The Queen of the Night. This isn't troublesome, although we aren't told about it until fairly well on; what doesn't work is the further step of implying incestuous passion, for there is no lust in Sarastro's music.

Yes, of course there's music, and it is at once a blessing and a bane. The score of the opera is in Mozart's most transparent late manner; its grandest gestures are simple ones, which is probably why disastrously bad performances are as hard to come by as sublime ones. But Bergman has courted disaster by using inadequate singers. They look marvelous: Tamino strongly and interestingly handsome, Pamina thoughtful and expressive, Papageno a chunky, gap-toothed, round-faced rustic (actually, he sings rather acceptably, but then his task is the least; the part was written for Schikaneder himself, who was more actor than singer). But when Tamino's flute aria emerges strangulated and out of tune, we cannot enjoy the repose it is intended to provide (alas, too, the stuffed animals that come on to listen are stylistically all wrong, a signal failure of decorative taste). And the reunion of Pamina and Tamino before their ordeals by fire and water, made visually more intense by the close-up photography than it ever is in the theatre, goes well through the palpitating orchestral phrases, only to founder completely when Pamina's climactic vocal entrance is devastatingly, excruciatingly flat.

The basic point about operatic personages, which Bergman seems to have missed, is that they sing where other people speak. If they don't sing well and convincingly, they fail as characters, just as actors who can't speak intelligibly will fail (in traditional contexts, at least). And that is why in the opera house we can accept overly robust singers, clumsy of navigation and inane of gesture; we *hear* such clearly rounded, forcefully limned characters that the visual deficiencies cease to matter much. The converse isn't true; all the acting and physical beauty in the world cannot make a musical character come to life.

Obviously Bergman could not have made this film with top-line operatic performers, nor would he have found acceptable the old practice of separate singing and acting casts. That remains a nodal problem in operatic films, and so does the matter of close-ups: one can't imagine a Bergman film without them, but all those open mouths don't furnish the kind of expressive material that he (or anyone else) can work effectively with. At these levels, the film frequently annoys; that in the end we are still moved is, I am sure, more Mozart's achievement than Bergman's. □

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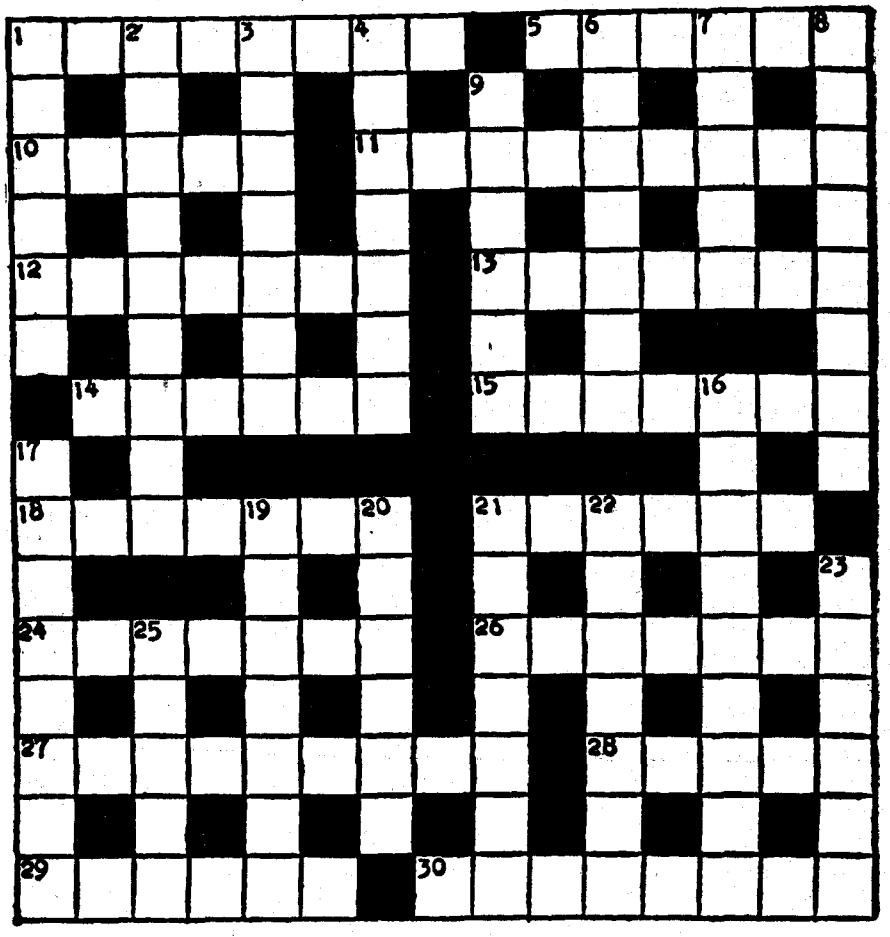

ACROSS

1 and 5 Where he sits to form his opinions might be easy, as well. (8,6)
10 A man no youngster has to bother, obviously. (5)
11 You'll have to fight to press for the business some dealers are in. (5,4)
12 Going for the title, perhaps? (7)
13 Put into operation at acute trouble. (7)
14 Straightforward conduct. (6)
15 Some signals might be called after them. (7)
18 If the pigskin gets dirty, do they use this, or would that be nonsense? (7)
21 Reputedly happy spirit brought forth by one? (6)
24 Where to find the point of etching to be a la mode. (2,5)
26 Led back with the sort of dude that's easily tricked. (7)
27 Changes the title, perhaps. (9)
28 See 7 down
29 The part of the Skimobile that's used to travel on snow. (6)
30 Lies cold when taken apart, but ultimately comes together. (8)

DOWN

1 and 17 Her character emphasized the little grey cells. (6,8)
2 and 25 You might find one in a Chinese restaurant, though you might not want to meet one sailing. (3-6,5)
3 The diary he composed might typify somewhat dated entertainment. (7)
4 Such things can be seen to prove understanding. (7)
6 Said to be placed in the woodwind, perhaps. (7)
7 and 28 across You're on solid ground here. (5,5)
8 Possibly a plier as it once appeared. (8)
9 Henry V suggested going into it once more. (6)
16 With the umbrella, under Edwardian rules it should show what could be cleaned up. (9)
17 See 1 down
19 Flower arranging lays the total amount. (7)
20 Observed he precedes a misdeed? (6)
21 A rather retiring circle in California? (7)
22 The train was in *Patience.* (7)
23 Jane of Hull House. (6)
25 See 2 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1609

ACROSS: 1 and 6 As a general rule; 10 Trigger; 11 Armband; 12 and 13 Bareback rider; 15 Fists; 17 Knowledge; 19 In a huddle; 21 Augur; 23 Lodge; 24 Mohicans; 27 Nilotic; 28 Apprise; 29 and 30 Easy conscience. DOWN: 1 and 14 Acts of violence; 2 Animals; 3 Eagle; 4 Earmarked; 5 and 20 Alack and alas; 7 Unaided; 8 Elderberry; 9 Umbrella; 16 Students; 18 Overheats; 22 Gentian; 24 Macao; 25 Capri; 26 Gene.

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